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Franz

Written Specially for
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IT was the stormiest rehearsal of the season. Everybody's temper was rough edged, from the leader of the orchestra down to the jolly little drummer who played zylophone solos while the comic man was doing his dance. The slender baton which the professor held tightly in his nervous hand had beaten a continuous tattoo on the music rack; the stage manager's voice seemed harsher than ever, and his commands all the more dictatorial.

Perhaps it all never would have happened but for the carelessness of several of the chorus girls, whose groupings and poses at the last few performances had been worse than the tableaux at a car drivers' ball. The star had noticed this shirking, and, with commendable ambition to make the New York run a series of brilliant hits, had conferred with the stage manager; and a call for a dress rehearsal posted in the wings was the result. Of course it had made everybody mad.

"To think of it," said the man who played the part of a fat, awkward old prince, who was always getting a laugh for the way he trod on the trains of the court ladies, "it is simply provok-

ing that with the work of a hard performance on us, we've got to rehearse and rehearse, just because a cheap chorus can't do its work."

"And the day before a matinee, too," said the tenor, whose chief ambition was to save his voice for his duet with the prima donna.

Such remarks were being made on all sides, and they only ceased when the cues carried the talkers to the stage. The leader of the orchestra, whom everyone feared, and whose remarks and criticisms were cuttingly sarcastic, had the fiercest temper of all. He was as mad as a baby elephant that finds its trunk too short to reach the best hay on the hay wagon. He had said all he could to the members of the orchestra, and everyone expected to see him throw his chair at some discordant player at any moment.

He rapped his baton again, and the sweet, restful air of a lullaby floated up from reed and string. It had a quieting effect, but not half so much as

the presence of the beautiful woman whose soft, rich voice was mingling with its notes in exquisite harmony. Though they had heard the song a hundred times or more, all listened, so sweet was its melody. With perfect ease and enchanting expression she touched her highest notes, until they sounded through the vacant theatre like the tinkling of some sweet toned bell. Her face, fair and serene, was as beautiful as the song she sang, and each note found a responsive chord in the hearts of those around her; for in the company of three score there was not one who did not love her. She was the prima donna, the one particular star of the cast. To her singing thousands had listened spell-bound, only to break forth in rapturous applause—yet she was so lovable, so companionable, so kind and willing to help those below her. Many a time a single word from her lips had fanned into a blaze of success the smoldering faggots of ambition that failure and the



UNDER THE SUNSET TREE.

lack of an encouraging word had left to die out on the hearth of trial.

Presently there was a fearful discord in the orchestra. It broke into the song like a black cloud across a summer sky. It came from one of the violins. The singer ceased, and the music stopped. With anger in his eyes and lips quivering with rage, the leader turned toward a crouching figure in a chair beneath the stand.

"What do you mean—what do you mean, I say? Have you not played that bar a thousand times?"

There was no reply, but a boyish face, with anguish in every feature, was uplifted towards the angry man.

"Do not look at me in that stupid way. Have I not taught you better?"

"But, sir," pleaded the boy, "it was all a mistake."

"Bah, a mistake, indeed! It was all your careless—"

"Never mind," said the prima donna; "he could not help it. I will sing it again."

"Madame, I will attend to this part of the company. Franz, leave the place. Anton, you take the second violin."

The boy, for that was all he was, picked up his instrument, and looked up over the lights. His eyes met those of the singer. She smiled, and he, brushing a tear from his blue eyes, opened the door and went down into the musicians' room beneath the stage.

"I will sing no more today," said the prima donna, and she left the stage.

Poor Franz! He threw himself down on an old property bench, and, burying his face in his hands, cried as only a heart wounded boy can. Poor little fellow! Fourteen years old, and his father, an old instrument maker, had died, leaving Franz and a widowed mother, with but little to support them. His little heart had leaped with joy when the professor consented to place him in the orchestra, for it was his life's ambition to become a virtuoso like those of whom his father had talked so often. But the professor had not always been kind, and the tender feelings had been cut more than once. As he sobbed, he was wondering if he would be sent back home, a failure.

The idea sickened him, and tears were fast returning, when a gentle hand touched his pulsing forearm. He raised his tear stained face timidly, thinking the time for the dreaded scolding had come. But instead of seeing the cold, hard features of the professor, he saw the gentle face of the prima donna. He had never seen her so close before, and her countenance seemed to him like that of an angel.

"Don't cry, dear," she said, as she brushed back the hair from his forehead. "Don't cry, for my sake, and you shall play for me tonight."

His face lighted up, and the great choking lumps in his throat melted away under the caresses of that comforting hand.

"Go home now," she said, "and come back tonight. No one shall scold you."

Then she handed him a flower, and left the room. He could say nothing, he was so happy. His eyes, beaming with joy, followed her to the door; and when it closed, the sound of her footsteps on the narrow staircase was like the sweetest music to him.

In the evening he took his place in the orchestra and played as he never had played before. When the time for the lullaby came, and his "beautiful friend," as he had described her to his mother, came on the stage, he bowed his head down over his violin, and the music that rose from that one instrument alone was in itself a symphony. Then came the applause, and as it died away in echoes, she looked down at him and smiled. The audience saw it, but not one of them knew how much sunshine that one look had placed in a boy's heart.

Days had passed since the unpleasant rehearsal, and it had almost been forgotten. One night there was a stir behind the curtain when the stage manager, after reading a note, brought by a messenger, had called for the prima donna's understudy. It was not long before the news spread to the dressing

rooms, and every heart was saddened, for the note had brought the tidings of the illness of the loved singer. Franz missed her, too; and when the curtain had dropped on the last act, he put his violin under his arm, and went up the dark, winding steps to the stage.

The "light" man, who had always been kind to Franz, was shutting off the circuit for the house lights. Franz asked him about the prima donna's absence, and was told that she had been taken suddenly ill. The answer to his inquiry startled and pained him. He started home with his heart heavy, and his thoughts all centred around the sweet voiced being who had been his comforter. He stopped for a moment before the window of a music store, and his eyes fell upon the score of the lullaby his friend had sung. With a sudden impulse he started off in a different direction.

He walked on for many blocks, and came finally to a brightly lighted apartment house. A hall boy opened the door for him. With a tremor in his voice, Franz asked if the boy could tell him if Mme. Cantori was very ill. The boy simply replied, "Second story front," and taking this as an invitation, Franz passed in and up the broad stairs.

He was just turning the landing, when he met a man coming down. Franz stopped him, and politely asked if he could direct him to the singer's room. The man was a physician. He stopped, looked at the boy, and said that madame was very, very ill, and could not see him. What was the matter, the boy asked? An attack of the heart had stricken her down, the man replied, and life was only hanging by a thread.

Tears came into the boy's eyes, and a sob passed his lips. He went on, and stopped before the door. It was as quiet as death within. He waited there a long time. The physician came and went again, but only shook his head sadly and meaningly, and went on.

Franz knelt down, noiselessly unlocked the case, and took out his violin. He raised the bow, and placing the instrument against his face, began to play. It was the soft, sweet notes of the lullaby that floated through the quiet building, and into the room where the singer lay.

Life was ebbing fast, but as the music reached her ears, her eyes opened, and a smile of ineffable sweetness came to the beautiful face. The watchers leaned over her couch.

"Hear, hear," she murmured; "it is Franz, dear little Franz!"

Still the music kept on, sweeter and softer as each note was played. The singer tried to rise, and loving hands supported her.

"Listen, the lullaby," she whispered. Not another sound disturbed the scene, so solemn and sad. But just as the closing notes of the music were being played a string on the violin snapped.

The singer opened her eyes, and faintly breathed, "God bless little Franz."

The eyes closed again, and her head sank back on the pillow. A voice, rich and beautiful, was hushed, and the soul of the singer had passed into that chorus whose melodies ring on through eternity.

They opened the door and found Franz prostrate on the floor. The violin with its broken string lay at his side. He was sobbing bitterly.

Last Words of a Great Statesman.

During the last hours of Daniel Webster Mr. Adams called, and, seeing his desperate condition and wishing to cheer him a bit, said to the dying statesman: "Good morning, Mr. Webster. I hope you are doing well." Mr. Webster's eloquent though sad reply was: "Mr. Adams, I am sorry to say that I am not. I feel that I am the tenant of a house sadly racked by the storms of time. The roof leaks, the windows rattle, the doors creak on their hinges, till my mansion seems almost uninhabitable. But the saddest part of the situation, sir, is that I have received word that the landlord positively refuses to make any further repairs."

Lightning on the Fence.

Electricity and its application to the purposes of business now-a-days has reached a wonderful stage of development. Machines and appliances are constantly being added to the many devices for promoting the comfort and happiness of humanity. These problems, of course, are being solved largely by men who give their attention almost exclusively to such things. Many farmers have the foresight and the ingenuity to solve the simpler of these problems for themselves. Others, it would seem, even when told, either forget or neglect to make improvements and to profit thereby. We refer particularly to the effects of lightning. Every year we hear of numberless head of cattle, while standing adjacent to some tree, but more particularly, near to a fence, being struck by lightning and killed. Cattle seem to know by instinct that it is not safe to stand under a tree during an electrical storm, but this same instinct does not seem to apply when a wire fence is there threatening. It is a difficult matter to prepare every tree so that it will not be struck by lightning and thereby protect the cattle, but, as for the fence, it is such a simple matter that it would seem every farmer who permit his stock to be thus killed by lightning, is a victim of his own gross negligence.

It is a well-known fact that moist earth is the best conductor of electricity. Dry earth is not a good conductor. Almost any kind of metal, if

come heavily charged with one kind of electricity, the earth underneath is equally charged with the other kind. The equalizing of these two opposing forces is the manner of their being brought together. If abruptly, the effect is a sudden shock, a flash of lightning, and a loud clap of thunder. The effect of this sensation which we see and hear is the sudden breaking away of the atmosphere and its equally sudden contraction. Now, if a metal point is at hand as the positive or negative electricity accumulates, the metal point will gradually carry it away before any great amount can accumulate. Thus the philosophy of the lightning rod is applied to wire fences.

Since cement posts are coming into use, this principle is being applied by the manufacturers of these posts. As it will be a long time, however, before the cement post comes into universal use, it would be well for farmers to ground their wire fences as above and thus save unnecessary loss of stock.

Not a "Light" Drink.

An easterner, riding on a mail-stage in Northern Colorado, was entertained by a dialogue which was sustained upon the one side by the driver and upon the other by an elderly passenger, evidently a native of the region, says the Youth's Companion.

"I understand you're temperance," began the driver.



Home for Incurables and Staff, Portage la Prairie, Man.

drawn to a point, is a good inductor and will conduct the electricity of the clouds into the earth, where it is safely distributed. So, while farmers are making fences, how simple a matter it is to take a wire and let its point extend above the post for three or four inches and run the other end down into the ground to permanently moist earth. If it fails to reach moisture it is worthless for it will not carry off the electricity. We recommend, therefore, that the wire be put in when the posthole is open and that it be run two or three feet lower than the ordinary posthole. It must reach permanently moist earth or it is absolutely worthless. It must also be in contact with all wires of the fence, unless all are in contact with each other. It is not necessary that every post be so protected, but each alternate post would be sufficient.

If each post is thus arranged, but little electricity will be collected by any particular one of them. This is exactly the method that the lightning rod man uses when rodding your buildings for protection against lightning.

The philosophy of this principle is becoming better known, and so far as we know the principle of electricity, it is comparatively simple. Electricity is of two forms, namely, negative and positive. Originally, they seem to have been together and by some unknown force of nature, tend to come together again wherever any natural means of doing so is at hand. It would seem that where the clouds be-

"Yes, I'm pretty strong against liquor," returned the other. "I've been set against it now for thirty-five years."

"Scared it will ruin your health?"

"Yes, but that isn't the main thing."

"Perhaps it don't agree with you?" ventured the driver.

"Well, it really don't agree with anybody. But that ain't it either. The thing that sets me against it is a horrible idea."

"A horrible idea! What is it?"

"Well, thirty-five years ago I was sitting in a hotel in Denver with a friend of mine and I says, 'Let's order a bottle of something,' and he says, 'No, sir. I'm saving my money to buy government land at \$1.25 an acre. I'm going to buy to-morrow, and you'd better let me take the money you would have spent for the liquor and buy a couple of acres along with mine.' I says, 'All right.' So we didn't drink, and he bought me two acres.

"Well, sir, to-day those two acres are right in the middle of a flourishing town; and if I'd taken that drink I'd have swallowed a city block, a grocery store, an apothecary's, four lawyers' offices, and it's hard to say what else. That's the idea. Ain't it horrible?"

Bystander—I expected to see you shoot that Boston man when he gave you the lie.

Georgian—He didn't give me the lie. He only said that in his judgment I was habitually untruthful.—Somerville Journal.

The Great Good Heart of Corporal Dwight

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



CORPORAL Teddy Dwight of the 7th Regiment was the most popular man in his company, and deservedly so. His hearty laugh, his amusing speeches, and his faculty for picking

up the newest songs and singing them in a good baritone voice to a rattling piano accompaniment, were all potent factors in insuring this popularity; and the general impression among his comrades was that the company would be a very lifeless organization were it not for the abundant jocularity of Teddy Dwight.

In one way Teddy was a paradox—a kind of happy family of earthly blessings. He had health and wealth in abundance—two desiderata rarely found together—and also a liberal allowance of cleverness and good looks, qualities that are usually regarded as deadly enemies. Laughing, light-hearted, and to all appearances entirely care free, he won for himself the affectionate appellation of "Joyous Ted," and was generally looked upon as among the blessed of the earth and the beloved of the gods.

This was Teddy Dwight, as he appeared in the company room, or on the various festive occasions when the men were gathered together. But there were those who contended that in the seclusion of his trim bachelor quarters, with his enormous cherry pipe clouding the air with fragrant wreaths of smoke, Teddy was not only melancholy, but absolutely morbid. Charley Keene, who knew him best, once confided to a few of us that on entering Teddy's room the night before he had discovered our little comrade on his knees by the divan, with his face in his hands, and big tears creeping out between his fingers. From this and other stories of a like nature arose an impression that Teddy had some secret sorrow; and naturally this imbued him with a peculiar interest. We all admired his self control, and wondered what the hidden thorn could be, little guessing in what a dramatic manner we were destined to witness its revelation.

I distinctly remember the night when Joyous Ted announced his engagement to Winifred Schuyler. She was a remarkably beautiful girl, a member of an old New York family, and accounted a brilliant match. And yet here and there there were dubious shakings of heads and whispered words of hope that she would make him happy, with so strong an emphasis on the "hope" as to convey serious doubts of the desire ever coming true.

Frankly, Miss Schuyler was reported to have no heart. She had broken three engagements, sending one man to South Africa, another to the dogs, and the third into politics, without a symptom of regret. Now Teddy was all heart, and a sensitive little chap, in spite of his careless ways; and it made us miserable to think what an effect such treatment might produce upon him.

He had the most strikingly original way of doing things, and the fashion in which he elected to announce his engagement was thoroughly characteristic of the man. The first sergeant had just dismissed the company, and we were all turning to our lockers, when Teddy stepped forward and remarked in a loud voice that he had a few words to say. There was a general hush, in the midst of which Teddy stood looking about him with a smile that seemed to meet behind his ears.

"Well," he said, "I'm engaged to Miss Winifred Schuyler, and I want to mark the event. There's some punch over at my rooms, and no end of tobacco, and every man has to come over and celebrate," and he burst into a mighty shout of laughter, in which we all joined with much cheering and

slapping of his fat shoulders.

The celebration was an immense success. Teddy sang all his latest songs, danced breakdowns, and enjoyed himself hugely. Some of us noticed that in spite of his rapturous rejoicings he did not once touch the punch, although he was very liberal with it, as well as with his cigars, which were short and fat, and altogether had much the same appearance as their owner. Charley Keene said that during the past year Teddy had been a total abstainer. We puzzled over it somewhat, but Joyous Ted fell upon us with a whoop, and we were whirled off to join in the chorus of the next song. We remembered the circumstance of his not drinking when later events supplied an explanation.

That was in February, if I remember rightly, and Teddy seemed to grow happier with each succeeding hour. Miss Schuyler was wearing a magnificent hoop of diamonds on her finger, and he used to walk up and down the avenue with her every day, his short legs twinkling along, and his round eyes beaming with joy.

Some time in May there was a celebration in honor of the dedication of the Washington Arch, and the Seventh paraded in all the glory of full dress uniform. It was a blistering hot day, with the pavements like the top of a range, and a great swarm of people banked up on both sides of the avenue to see the troops. We swung along at a rattling pace, with only a momentary halt or two, until about Seventeenth or Eighteenth Street, when something blocked the head of the column, and we all came to a standstill, and had a chance to look about us and cool off a bit.

Teddy was the fourth man from the left of the second platoon—a position assigned him as a tribute to his small stature. He was a prodigiously funny spectacle at that moment, with his round, red face beaded with perspiration like the outside of a tumbler of ice water. Most of the company were looking and laughing at him; and Joyous Ted relegated his discomfort to a secondary place, and gave free rein to his powers of repartee. Metaphorically he bowled over one after another of his adversaries, and the spectators were enjoying the exhibition immensely. Then something strange happened.

A hoarse voice from somewhere in the throng on the sidewalk shouted "Edward Dwight!" very distinctly. It was so clearly and unmistakably intended for our comrade that the chaffing ceased instantly, everyone turning to discover the speaker. I was standing near Teddy, and had a quick intuition that something was wrong when I saw him wince and throw his hand, palm outward, before his eyes, as though avoiding a blow.

He did not look up as the author of the interruption pushed his way through the crowd and stood before him, but remained with his head bent and his lips drawn in till his mouth looked like a thin red line.

The man who had spoken was as disreputable a specimen of humanity as could well be imagined. His face was bloated by the telltale stamp of drink, his clothes soiled and shabby to the last degree, his eyes mere red blots beneath shaggy brows. Standing with his legs far apart he swayed to and fro, and regarded Teddy with the veriest wreck of a smile.

"E'ward," he said, "doan' sher know me? Why doan' sher speak to me?"

Teddy's comrades had gathered close about the two men, surveying their faces curiously.

"Doan' sher know me?" repeated the man, adding, "damn yer," half to himself.

Teddy appeared to gather himself together with an effort.

"I know you—yes," he answered. "What do you want here? Go back on the sidewalk."

The other's face showed that he did



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not immediately comprehend this. When its meaning finally dawned upon him, his small eyes fairly blazed with fury, and lunging forward he dealt Teddy a sharp blow across the eyes, with a savage growl of "Take that, ye young devil!"

Sergeant Ripley, who was standing directly behind the man, here justified his reputation as a fighter. Grasping him firmly by the collar, he whirled the wretched creature around, and tossed him, as limp as a bundle of rags, upon the curbstone.

"And you take that," he remarked blithely, "and get out, unless you want to feel the point of a bayonet."

In the excitement of the moment no one had noticed that Teddy had sprung forward until we saw him on one knee, carefully supporting the man's head and smoothing back the tousled hair. He looked up at Ripley beseechingly, and on his face one could see the print of the blow, while his honest blue eyes winked rapidly to keep back the tears of mingled emotion and pain.

"Sam," he said, "of course you didn't know, but this won't do. You have struck my father."

His father! That!

The men stepped back blankly, some turning their heads aside as if in the presence of death. Ripley stood motionless, his fine eyes shifting from side to side.

"All right, Ted," he said, after a moment. "All right; I apologize."

He wheeled about and went slowly back to his place, and as he passed we heard him mutter, "His father—good God!"

It was reverently said, as one might breathe a prayer, and it was the thought of all. Ripley said it half aloud, the rest of us in our hearts.

When the bugle sounded the advance, Teddy was left behind. We saw him, aided by a police officer, supporting the miserable form of his father through the crowd, his white belts soiled and disarranged, and the pompon on his shako black with the mud into which it had fallen. We saw Ripley run forward, and, after a

whispered word with the lieutenant, drop out and follow them. Then the scene was blotted out as the column marched forward to the clapping of appreciative hands and the swelling music of the band.

Jack Pennington had news for us when we reached the armory again, and were eagerly discussing the incident in the company room. Jack always was an observant sort of chap, who saw both sides of questions and the minor features of every situation. Heaven knows the case of Teddy's father was bad enough at best, but when we heard what Jack had to tell us, we felt the crisis to be greatly magnified. Lieutenant Harvey, who had seen the whole affair, sighed and said, "The sins of the father shall be visited on the children," and that was about what we were all thinking.

It seems that Jack had been watching a group of girls in a balcony directly opposite our halting place, and that he had seen Winifred Schuyler step forward when Teddy's father first called his name. How she came to be there without his knowing of it was a mystery, but nevertheless there she was, as straight and slender and beautiful as ever—so Jack said—with a cool smile on her lips, and her calm eyes watching the little tragedy before her. Yes, she had seen it all; seen the man that was to be almost her father, seen the blow, and seen poor broken-hearted Teddy on his knees in the street with a drunkard in his arms. We knew Winifred Schuyler too well to doubt the inevitable outcome of it all.

None of us saw Teddy Dwight again, with the single exception of

Charley Keene. To the latter he entrusted a letter, which was read aloud at the last company meeting of the year. For once the careless chatter was hushed, and the men listened with serious eyes and compressed lips.

My Dear Comrades:

I feel that I cannot leave you without some little word of farewell. My father is as nearly recovered as I can ever hope to see him, and I am taking him to the far West for the few remaining years it is likely that he will live. What this has been to me it is not necessary or possible for me to tell you. You will believe me when I say that my heart is with you always, and that if in the future I am able to rejoice you—and you will have me—the best hour of my life will be when I am once more a member of the Seventh.—Edward Dwight.

That was his last farewell, and with it he vanished more or less completely from our lives. Young Rathebone, a new recruit, has taken his place at the piano, and sings the newest songs very creditably, but it is not the same as having Joyous Ted. We hear of him at long intervals, and know that he is doing his duty, and know, too, that the sacrifice his willing, childlike heart has made will be laid to his account at the last.

Miss Schuyler was married early the following autumn. Her husband had a title and—strange combination!—unlimited means. It was a brilliant wedding, with a bishop to officiate, hosts of presents, and an imposing reception. Nearly all of us were invited, but on comparing notes afterwards we discovered a singular coincidence. No one went.

He who gives for the sake of thanks knows not the pleasure of giving.

There is only one thing that will kill all the flies in your house, and do it quickly, and that is Wilson's Fly Pads. Do not accept substitutes, but insist on having Wilson's.



Two of a Kind.

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

Human nature is a great study, and **HUMAN** the key to every man's character is **NATURE**, his master motive. The motive makes the man. Behind a man's reputation stands a man's character. Behind a man's character stands a man's motive. Behind a man's motive stands a man's love. Find out what a man loves and you discover what a man is. His love is the revelation of his character. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Napoleon said "War is a splendid game." Cecil Rhodes said "Millionaires rule the world." Disraeli affirmed "Statesmen govern the universe." Emerson exclaimed "A scholar is the jewel of earth and the favorite of Heaven." Thus a man's ambition is the revelation of a man's love.

THE GRANDEST DAY. The grandest day of your life—which is it? It is not your birthday, when you enter this world clad in the garments of infancy. It is not your graduation day when your college course has been completed and you stand prepared for life's duties. It is not your wedding day, when you stand by the altars of Jehovah with your life partner by your side and take the first step toward the establishment of a home. It is not your coronation day, when, having climbed the steep hills of life, the world gladly crowns you for your endeavor and endurance. The supreme moment in a man's life is that moment of doubt, uncertainty and perplexity when in one splendid act of self-faith he stakes his life, his reputation, his future, his capital in personality on some cherished thought, idea or conviction, the development of which finally opens the door leading up to the calm heights of conquest and success. The surrender of the soul to a noble ideal registers the grandest days in the story of a man's life.

FIND YOUR PLACE. This is a good world and most of the people in it are good—or intend to be, but the driving of the square peg into the round hole is the thing which causes most of the trouble. To recognize your own gifts and special fitness for a certain line of work and then to move in harmony with others equally gifted for their own chosen departments of enterprise results in happiness and prosperity. The civil war in the United States produced three great generals—Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. Sheridan was a hard fighter. Short, thick-set, bullet-headed, with Irish blood in his veins. As a commanding officer he entered the field of battle with a rush and won many a victory because of his irresistible impetuosity. Sherman had a genius for details. Nothing escaped his attention. While his soldiers slept, he walked through the tents of the encampment inspecting the machinery of war. His famous "march through Georgia" was possible because he knew the state of Georgia better than most of the people who lived in it. Grant was unique in his ability to plan a great campaign. He could see things in their proper proportion and plan a great military movement shrewdly and successfully. These three men understood each other, appreciated each other and were loyal each to the other. No trace of jealousy ever existed between them. Each was great in his own department.

DON'T GIVE UP. James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, used to say when near the end of his life, "The world has heard of my success, but only my nearest neighbors knew of my repeated failures in seeking to perfect the steam engine." Failure is the vestibule to success. We must fail in order to succeed. The glory of final success is worth the humiliation of repeated failures.

Longfellow said that "Evangeline" was easy to read because it was so hard to write.

Henry Ward Beecher, in referring to the first ten years of his experience in the ministry, said "I remember distinctly that every Sunday night I had a headache. I went to bed every Sunday night with a vow registered that I would buy a farm and quit the ministry." And yet what a splendid success he achieved!

Harriet Beecher Stowe once uttered the sentence: "When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you could not hold on a minute longer—never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide will turn."

To which we add the words of Charles Mackay:

"If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed,
Whatever obstacle control
Thine hour will come—go on true soul
Thou'lt win the prize—thou'lt reach the goal."

"I WILL BE KING!" The father of Balzac doubted the ability of his son to achieve success in the realm of literature, so he said to him "Do you know that in literature a man must be either a king or a beggar?" "Very well," replied the boy, "I will be a king." His parents left him to struggle with his fate in a garret. His conflict with hunger, hardship and poverty was something terrific, but in ten years he was a king in the realm of literature and a sovereign among men of letters.

YOUNG LAWYERS. God has a man for every emergency and an emergency for every man. The man who knows how to meet and deal with a business emergency is the man who has in his nature the elements of success. Great men are men who overcome great obstacles. We need opposition in order to develop our highest possibilities. Competition is the life of trade and opposition brings out the latent strength in a man's soul. Daniel Webster owed his success to the superior gifts and talents of Jeremiah Mason, whom he was called upon to meet as a legal opponent in case after case. Webster regarded Mason as the greatest lawyer that ever practised at the New England bar. He once said of him "I would rather, after my own experience, meet all the lawyers I have ever known combined in a case, than to meet him alone and single-handed." Jeremiah Mason was a genius in the art of cross examination. He had an instinct for the "weak point" in the armor of his enemy. Daniel Webster measured swords with him and discovered the strength of his own personality. Difficulties are stepping stones in the pilgrimage of life. Every difficulty which stands like a mountain in your path has a duty at its base and a diadem at its brow.

THE GAMBLING SPIRIT.

Mark Twain has said that there are two periods in a man's life when he should not speculate. (1) When he can afford it. (2) When he cannot afford it. This remark may have been the result of some sad experience in financial matters of the philosopher. Of this one thing we are sure, the gambling spirit is abroad and men are looking for some short-cut to wealth. "Something for nothing" seems to be the motto for the hour. A retired postmaster general of the United States asserted that a majority of the young men dismissed from the postal service because of dishonesty could trace their downfall to the gambling evil. This is in harmony with the remark recently made by Andrew Carnegie, "Stock gambling is the curse of the age."

A friend of mine who spent his employer's time studying the market and dealing in margins was exceedingly fortunate during the first week or two, making gains at every move. His last venture, however, cost him all he had made by his speculations and \$2,000 to boot.

A New York merchant who played with the stock market, off and on, for forty years, calculated that if he had invested the various sums risked on the market from time to time at 6 per cent. on good securities he would have been in a much better position financially at the end of his business career.

For the average man the best thing which can happen is an absolutely stunning loss on the first deal. This arouses the mind to the dangers of speculation and is apt to cure the soul of the gambling spirit.

There are three tests of a man's character. (1) The home test. How does he behave himself beneath the roof of his own house? What is the verdict of his wife, child and servant? Is he popular at home? (2) The business test. How does he stand among business men? Is his word reliable? Are his methods correct? Is his credit good? (3) The social test. How does he treat those with whom he associates, especially those who are below him? Thackeray says concerning Father Matthews, with whom he had a close acquaintance, that he was just as kind and considerate in his treatment of the butler and footman as he was careful in his attentions to nobles, lords and members of the aristocracy.

INDIVIDUALITY. What ever you possess in common with most men attests your humanity. What ever you possess which is uncommon to most men attests your individuality. The only contribution which any man can make to the true wealth of the world is his own individuality. To discover the one thing which is characteristic of yourself is to discover yourself. A great discovery, indeed!

ORGANIZATION. Rock is organized sand. Water is organized moisture. Sky is organized space. Wood is organized fibre. Light is organized heat. Life is organized spirit. Society is organized humanity.

The largest word is Life.
GREAT WORDS. The longest word is Eternity.
The shortest word is Now.
The dearest word is Mother.
The sweetest word is Home.
The brightest word is Come.
The darkest word is Sin.
The greatest word is God.
The nearest word is Soul.
The deepest word is Love.

The boy of ten years of age has a thought.
EVOLUTION. The youth of fifteen years of age has an idea.

The young man of twenty years of age has an opinion.
The man of thirty years of age has a theory.
The man of forty years of age has a conviction.

The greatest compliment you can pay a woman is to love and respect her. The greatest compliment you can pay a boy is to believe in him. The greatest compliment you can pay a business man is to ask for his advice and follow it. The greatest compliment you can confer upon the Almighty is to trust in Him.

STRAWS. Straws are said to show which way the wind blows. Here are three straws in the form of three questions, asked by a business man concerning those who sought employment in his establishment.

How do you spend your Sabbaths?
How do you spend your money?
How do you spend your spare moments?

A cathedral without windows, a face without eyes, a field without flowers, an alphabet without vowels, a continent without rivers, a night without stars and a sky without a sun—these would not be so sad as a world without a Bible or a soul without Christ.

Eaton's Winnipeg Store Open

The opening of the T. Eaton Company, Limited, big Winnipeg store marks a new epoch in the history of retail merchandising in the West. Less than one year ago the first sod for the foundation of the new structure on Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, was turned by Mr. John C. Eaton, vice-president of the Company.

On Saturday, July 15th, at 2.30 p.m., the doors of the immense new establishment were thrown open to visitors until 6 p.m. of the same day. Thousands of visitors surged through its doors during the afternoon to view the immense stock in the largest store west of the Great Lakes.

On Monday, July 17th, at 8 a.m., the store was opened for business and long before its portly doors were swung open, hundreds of anxious buyers were waiting on the outside.

The growth of the T. Eaton Company's business at Toronto, extending its operations through its well organized system of mail order all over Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific is indeed marvellous.

The growing popularity of the firm's Mail Order business West of the Great Lakes, throughout Manitoba, the North West Territories, British Columbia and the Yukon has been so marked of recent years that the company felt that some action was necessary on their part to get in closer touch with the buying public of the West. Such extraordinary success as that which has greeted the efforts of the founder of this immense business seldom comes in the lifetime of one man. That it has come to Mr. Timothy Eaton in such a large measure is indeed a tribute to his marvellous organizing ability, and to the fact that he has surrounded himself with able lieutenants who give him valuable assistance in the furtherance and completion of his plans. To Mr. Harry McGee, one of the directors of the Company, is due great praise for the expeditious manner in which he looked after the construction work of this immense store and plant. The management of the Winnipeg store is intrusted to Mr. A. A. Gilroy, another officer of the Company, who has shown great fitness for the position during his long service with the Company at Toronto.

No man or no business can achieve greatness without establishing confidence, among those whom they come in contact with in an individual or business capacity. That the T. Eaton Company enjoys the confidence of the buying public in Canada, to a marked degree is admitted by every pleased customer and by those who are familiar with their upright business methods. It is "the great one price store," where any one person's money is as good as another's, where the rich and the poor are treated fairly and in a business like way. No partiality, no favoritism is shown at Eaton's. A little child can buy to just as good advantage as a full grown adult. It is this sort of business dealing that builds up the confidence.

"The greatest good for the greatest number," is the motto of the T. Eaton Company and if one will take the trouble to analyze this it will be found to mean a whole lot.

"Your money back" if not satisfied with your purchase is a most commendable feature in the dealings of the firm with the buying public. Buying at close figures in the markets of the world, eliminating the wholesalers' and jobbers' profits enable them to sell goods at a very close price. In addition to their ability to buy right, they are extensive manufacturers and thousands of Canadians find steady employment the whole year around in their immense and well equipped factories at Toronto. The perfect mail order system inaugurated and managed by experts from the Toronto store in the Winnipeg house will be a feature of this establishment.

Shopping by mail is the modern manner of buying and people living at long distances from big commercial centres are brought in close touch with the best houses in the land. A postal card will bring you a catalogue con-

taining prices and information by return mail, you can then sit down in your own home and order your requirements and have them shipped to you with despatch.

A brief description of the Winnipeg store is given for the information of our readers.

THE STORE.

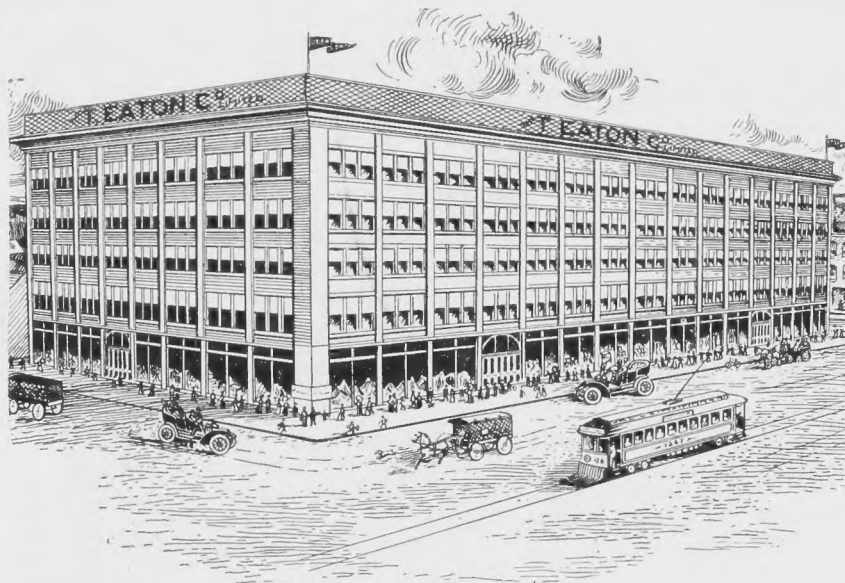
The new Eaton store is a handsome five storey structure of pressed brick with stone trimmings. It is lighted by forty-two show windows, with lights so arranged that with the assistance of reflectors, they display the goods almost as well by night by artificial light as by daylight.

The statistics of the amount of material used in the construction of the building will convey some idea of the extent of the structure. There were 6,000,000 pounds of iron; nearly 7,000 barrels of cement; over 1,000,000 bricks, and in the neighborhood of 2,000,000 feet of lumber used in the building.

The foundations and the building generally have been constructed sufficiently strong to carry eight stories if necessary.

The store contains five and a half acres of floor space. The power house has 7,800 square feet, the delivery shed 8,710, and the private lanes 9,380 feet, making a total of 6.59 acres.

One thing that impresses itself even upon the most casual visitor, is the manner in which everything is systematized. The store is so compactly built and so conveniently arranged that it lends itself readily to the speedy handling and dispatching of goods and to the perfecting of a great business system. In the basement the system by which the employees are registered is very interesting. The employees all enter by the Donald street entrance, directly to the cloak and hat room. Each employee has a number and upon leaving the cloak-room, registers on the card,



corresponding to his or her number on the time register clock, the time of arrival and likewise upon leaving, the time of departure. By means of these cards, each employee's hours of work are easily reckoned. In the basement, also, are enormous store rooms for surplus stock, as well as the large shipping rooms for the mail order department, which is such an important feature of the Eaton business. In the basement are to be seen under each main entrance, an enormous fan which sends hot air up to the vestibule, thus shutting off the draught of cold air which would otherwise rush into the building, as the main doors swing back and forth.

THE MAIN AND SECOND FLOOR.

The main floor has four entrances, two from Portage Avenue, one from Donald street and one from Hargrave street. The main aisle stretches from Donald street to the Hargrave street entrance while there are two smaller cross aisles from the Portage Avenue entrances. On this floor are situated the following departments: Wool, yarn, silks, dress goods, linings, dress trimmings, laces, broderies, veilings, gloves, hosiery, ribbons, jewelry, small wares, haberdashery, drugs, drug sundries, soaps, men's clothing, stationery, books, linens, blankets, bedding, staples, hats, caps, furs, and gents' furnishings.

The second floor is devoted almost entirely to ladies' goods. The principal departments are: Women's cloaks, coats, suits, walking skirts, rain coats, and fur-lined coats, misses' suits, coats, skirts, and rain coats, children's ulsters, reefers, and coats, women's furs, silk waists and blouses, children's dresses, gowns, shawls, fasciators, corsets, white wear, lingerie, wool underwear, aprons, pinafores, and petticoats. In the Hargrave street section of the second floor is the attractive millinery department. Adjoining it is a light and airy millinery work room.

OTHER FLOORS.

The offices of the company are situated on the third floor, occupying nearly one-third of the space. Here is located the headquarters of the mail order department. The mail order business for all of Western Canada will hereafter be handled through this department. The department has its own buyers, who give each order their personal attention; it is their duty to exercise the same care in buying goods for absent customers as they would for themselves. On this floor

is also located the hardware, cut glass, crockery, harness, trunks, and leather departments. The grocery and butcher stores are located in the Donald street section of this department.

The fourth and fifth floors are devoted principally to house furnishings. On the fourth floor are to be found carpets, linoleums, rugs, wall papers, carpet sweepers, pictures, window shades, curtains, draperies, paints. In the Portage Avenue section are handsome display rooms for showing off the effects of wall paper, pictures, rugs, carpets, etc.

Furniture of every grade and of every character is to be found upon the top floor. In the Donald street section of this floor, with a beautiful view over the city, is the large and airy restaurant, with a seating capacity of 250. The kitchen off the restaurant, would delight the heart of any housewife. Even to a reporter, uninitiated into the mysteries of the culinary art, the labor saving devices, the huge dishwasher, run by motor power, the great ovens, where all the bread and pastry for the restaurant is cooked, proved exceedingly interesting.

POWER HOUSE

At the back of the main building is a large covered shed, where the fifteen delivery wagons are loaded. There will be three deliveries a day, one at 7.30 in the morning, one at 12.30, and one at 3.30 in the afternoon. Back of the delivery shed, opening on Hargrave street, is the power house. It was one of the biggest sights for the Saturday visitors. There are four enormous boilers of 250 horse power, two engines of 300 horse power, two engines of 150 horse power, two electric generators of 200 kilowatt power and two generators of 100 kilowatt power. The building is lighted entirely by its own plant. It has its own artesian wells. There are two pumps for the four passenger and four freight elevators, with a capacity of 3,000,000 gallons every 24 hours.

The stables are as perfect in their way as all the other departments of the store. The concrete floors are kept scrupulously

A HOT WEATHER IDYL.



THE STEAMING ONE.

Gee! But it's hot, old man, to-day!
I've fanned till my hair's 'most blown away.
My house seems as hot as an oven flue,
And I thought I'd come over and sit with you.
Somehow or other you always seem
As cool and calm as an Eskimo's dream.
I don't see signs of an iceberg here;
How do you fix it? New brand of beer?
I drank two bottles an hour ago,
And I never had anything stew me so.
How do you do it? Put me on
Before I frizzle and, f-s-s-t! am gone!

THE COOL ONE.

Beer! No wonder you're seething now,
With a cascade rioting down your brow.
Cut it out, old chap, and try
This draught for the gods if they were dry.
A brimming pot of the glorious brew
Of CHASE & SANBORN'S coffee, true,
And brown and rich as Roman gold,
Ice till the pot sweats dewy cold,
A bit of sugar and dash of cream,
A sip, and then you'll lie and dream
Of Polar bears and the chill North Pole,
And peace will descend on your simmering soul.
Away with beer! It's a steaming brew!
CHASE & SANBORN'S 's the stuff for you.

Pass Along "Good Cheer."

Catch and radiate the sunshine,
Pass along the word of cheer,
Give a tender smile or token
To the sad ones far and near.
Gather up each passing sunbeam
And reflect it far and wide,
Sending forth its rays the brightest
Where the darkest shadows hide.

To the weary, heavy laden,
Walking lonely down the road,
Lend a hand to help them onward,
It will lift a heavy load.
To the aged and the careworn,
Grown so weary of the way,
You can be a very sunbeam,
Bringing light and joy to-day.

Not alone in crowded alleys
Do we find the sorest need;
There is sorrow in the palace,
There are hearts that break and bleed.
Scatter sunshine, brother, sister,
Sympathize with smile or tear;
Make this whole wide world the brighter
For your tender words of cheer.



T. Eaton

President and Founder of the T. Eaton Company, Limited.

Do Your Best.

Tho' sun may shine or clouds arise;
Tho' laughter turn to tears and sighs;
Oh, answer nobly to each test—
Whate'er betide, still do your best.

With courage hold your steady pace;
Ne'er falter in the earnest race;
Still nourish in your dauntless breast
The flame of hope—and do your best.

The clouds will break, the sun will shine,
The bow of promise is divine.
In cloud or shine, whate'er the test,
Press on, press on, and do your best.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.



Son of Timothy Eaton, and Vice-President of the Company.

Genius

By Rev. James L. Gordon, Winnipeg.

During my vacation several years ago I spent a week in a manufacturing town whose population numbers about five thousand. An old resident of the place, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, informed me, not only with reference to the "points of interest," for which the thoughtful vacationist is always on the lookout, but went so far as to single out a dozen or more individuals whose personality happened to be of that pronounced type as to make them conspicuous in their individuality, standing head and shoulders above their townsmen, a wonder to their neighbors, a mystery to themselves, and an honor to the entire community. One man was described as a "born orator," while another was praised as a "born poet." This man was a "born preacher," while that man was a "born leader." The list numbered about twenty, I should say, among which there was a "born musician," a "born artist," a "born doctor," a "born lawyer," a "born statesman," a "born politician," a "born financier" and a "born accountant."

I was strongly impressed with the fact that (if my informant informed me correctly) there did not appear to be in any case two of a kind. There were not two "born musicians" or two "born orators" to dispute the right of sovereignty in their own particular department of genius. Each one of these men of genius stood forth alone and aloft, rising like some cloud-robed mountain peak, in solemn and sublime splendor up and above the broad level of common humanity, stretching down below. This impressed me as being extremely pleasant and convenient and agreeable for the favored few, "born" to honor and immortality. But after a most thorough search through the befogged brain apparatus of my friend, the aged resident above referred to, who, by the way, appeared to move in the mist thrown off by these great snow-clad ice bound mountain peaks of human greatness, beneath whose shadow he grouped his uncertain way—I failed to ascertain that the remaining four thousand nine hundred and seventy-five (more or less) specimens of humanity had been brought into this world with any definite plan or purpose on the part of God or nature. Born evidently for nothing in particular, except perhaps to provide an immense platform upon which these fifteen or twenty might strut forth backward and forward and sideways, robed in the glittering garb of their own greatness. This set my thought manipulator in motion. I retired to my room. Opened a fresh bottle of ink. Adjusted a new pen in the holder. Arranged a slice of snow white paper on my desk, and waited for my thought indicator, inspired by the electricity of an old but still vigorous truth, to tick forth its sparks of genius. The result is respectfully submitted.

"Genius is capacity for hard work" along the line of your own natural qualifications.

There are "born poets," "born orators," and "born musicians," and every man is a "born" something, and every man is born for something.

The man who finds out what God has qualified him to do and who does that—all of that—that all the time—that and nothing but that—and that with all his heart—will some day be crowned with the appellation of "genius."

"Second nature" usually turns out to be second nature. Nature says: "I move." Human nature says: "I second the motion," and then the bill passes both houses; head and heart and the will never vetoes such action.

There is something you can do; you can do better than you can do anything else; you can do it better

than anybody else can do it. There is something for you to do which will remain undone for all time and eternity if you don't do it.

Genius in its root and essence means that one man can do just about one thing and do it well.

Genius is one man, doing one thing, and doing it as well as one man can do one thing—who loves to do that one thing, and loves to do nothing else as well, and does nothing else but what he loves to do.

The greatest discovery in the world is the discovery of a man. Every man is a "born genius." Every man has peculiar qualifications for some special work. If he never finds out what it is, his life rises no higher than the average level; if he does find out, then there rises a mountain peak on the plain.

Genius is an eye to see, an ear to hear, a heart to feel, a hand to seize, a head to scrutinize, a brain to analyze, a mind to utilize, and a will to realize, and feet that shall keep step to the pulse beat of just one soul-throbbing thought: "This one thing I do."

The Irish have a genius for humor, the French for wit, the English for tenacity, the German for plodding, the Italian for expression, the Spaniard for spirit, the Hebrew for shrewdness, the African for emotion, the Chinese for imitation, the Japanese for industry, and the American for enterprise, and so each individual has some peculiar trait favorable to some one trade or profession.

The eye has a genius for light; the ear has a genius for sound, the nose has a genius for fragrance, tongue for taste, stomach for digestion, brain for thought, hands for motion, nerves for emotion, feet for locomotion, and so every man, like every member of man's body, has a genius, a leaning, a bent or bending towards some one favorite occupation.

The right hand has a genius for aggressive work; in this hand you grasp the sword, cane, trowel, mallet, umbrella. The left hand has a genius for conserving—holds the reins—receives packages to hold and carry—supports you if you lean against the speaker's desk when before the public. The left hand holds the shield, the right hand swings the sword.

Genius is supernatural application. The only genius which is genuine, is genius for hard work. Genius is a capacity for hard work along the line of your natural qualifications. Genius finds out the bendings of the individual nature's "bent" and bends that way. Genius rises upon the two wings of reflection and repeated action. Genius has discovered that the so-called off-hand has been the longest on hand. Genius has discovered that the lowlands of the county of Effortshire lead finally to the sun crowned hills Ease and Pleasure. He who searches for wealth but shirks all work while he searches will be crowned with such success as shadowed the colored man who, one dark night, took an extinguished candle, and went down into a dark cellar to look for a black cat, which was not there. Nothing will "take place" for the man who is not willing to take pains. He who trusts always to luck—trusts only to lose. Hard work is the only cure for hard times. If all would labor to get, in order to be able to give, all labor would be a labor of love. When every laborer becomes a capitalist and every capitalist becomes a laborer, there will be exactly two classes; the working class and the shirking class; labor men and lazy men; and the one class will annihilate the other—the world will be happy.

—For everything that moves there must be something which moves not. Every stir needs a stay. The throbbing dynamo must rest on a foundation which cannot be made to throb. No lightning express unless there be a tightening of the rails which afford a narrow pathway. Every liberty has of a necessity a limitation. For everything seen there must be an adequate unseen; for every fruit a deep fixed root.

The thing which you are afraid to do will do the most for you if you

move forward and do it. The young man who is looking for a soft spot will find it at that point where his brains ought to be. The street called Aimless leads to the town of Brainless. The street called Vagueness leads to the city of Vacuity. You may yearn for success, but you can't yawn yourself into success. The man who proposes to live by his wits, usually lives by his wickedness. Find the man who goes about with his hands in his pockets and by and by you will find those hands in somebody else's pockets. A bracing atmosphere produces vigorous men. The weak and sickly seek the sunny slope. Those born in the lap of luxury may need the rap of poverty before they do anything which will honor ancestry or enrich posterity.

Genius is quality. Give the world your best at its best and you shall be blest with the best the world can give. Men have been made immortal by one act, one speech, one sentence,

one book, one poem. The poem which made the man famous was saved by the quality of one verse. The verse that saved the poem, that won immortality for an otherwise unknown poet, was saved by two lines which flashed with the incandescent light of genius. Genius is quality. Genius is that concentration of energy and ability which produces the best at its very best. Quality! It is not what you do but how you do what you do. It is not how much, but how well. It is not your sphere, but your spirit. It is not your position, but your disposition. "How do you do?" is a more important question than most people suppose.

Prayers would be shorter if desires were measured by deserts.

Blessed are the buoyant lives.

Nothing helps men to see together better than serving together.

No man can sacrifice himself until he appreciates himself.



S. L. Barrowclough.

The above photograph is of S. L. Barrowclough, western manager of the Morris Piano Co. There are few men in the country better known than Mr. Barrowclough, especially in musical circles. Ever since his boyhood days his name has been coupled with music and musical organizations, so that today he is one of the recognized leaders of music in the West. He has until quite recently been leader of the well-known Winnipeg City Band, and is now leading Barrowclough's orchestra, and is choirmaster of the Central Congregational Church, a position that he held for several years previous to his present engagement.

Mr. Barrowclough has been in the music business for the past fifteen

years. Three years ago he sold out his sheet music and small instrument business to Barrowclough & Serple to take over the management of the Morris Piano Co. in the West, the instrument of his choice. The manner in which the latter named business has grown in three short years is proof, not only of the excellence of the instrument, but of the thorough way in which he has performed his duties.

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What the World is Saying

A Canadian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

THE PROBLEM of imperial organization is now before British statesmen. The growth of the empire, the vastness of its territory and the variety of its nationalities make some readjustment of the conduct of imperial foreign affairs necessary. W. Sanford Evans contributes to the British Empire Review a "Canadian View" of the subject. The following is a general statement of the position taken: "The Canadian system of government is not today properly organized for imperial or general external activity, and no council such as Sir Frederick Pollock suggests would remedy the defect. The interests arising out of our imperial and general external relations are not organized under a special department with a responsible minister at its head. Every other important class of interests is so organized. When this fact is recognized no argument will be necessary to make it clear that imperial and foreign issues cannot now effectively be brought home to the Canadian people nor acted upon by them. In the new Australian Commonwealth there is a minister of external affairs, but in how far he supplies the place vacant in Canada I am not prepared to say. The other self-governing colonies are in the same position as Canada. Every self-governing colony should have its imperial and foreign interests entrusted to a special department with a responsible minister at its head. Until this is done information and advice supplied by a council would be of little more than academic value. When it is done there should be no practical necessity for a separate council, since the responsible ministers belonging to the colonies and the secretary of state for the colonies, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, and perhaps the prime minister of Great Britain, would form, in accordance with the principles of the British system, not only the best possible council of the empire, but the only council that could safely bring about results."

The Making of Roads.

AFTER ALL civilization is very much a matter of roads. Construct a good highway through desert districts and they will blossom as the rose. Roads are built too often in a haphazard fashion, little intelligent attention being given to them. But the day of the road has dawned. Iowa has raised it to the dignity of an academic subject, and placed it on the college curriculum. Speaking of the course, Wallace's Farmer says: "The act of the last legislature which created the highway commission provided for a school of instruction in road building and road maintenance for township trustees, road superintendents, county supervisors, and others who are responsible for the public roads. The work of this school will be divided into four classes of subjects. First, the class room work, which will consist of a series of lectures on different phases of the road question; second, the field work, which will be of a practical nature for the purpose of teaching the use of road surveying instruments, the preparation of maps, profiles, and plans for highway improvement; third, a study of modern road machinery, of which there will be an extensive exhibit and a series of lectures and demonstrations in its care and use; fourth, a study of the use of cement for highway purposes. Designs for the concrete culverts and bridges will be supplied to the students and a number of models will be built to illustrate how these designs are used. Model sections of earth, gravel, and macadam roads will be seen at the college and will be built during the course."

The Door of Commercial Opportunity.

IT'S NOT UNCOMMON even in these days of prosperity to hear men say there are no doors or opportunities open for them to enter. Facts are against them. There has never been a time in the history of this continent when so many chances for commercial success presented them-

selves as the present. The old saying that "there is plenty of room at the top" was always true, but never more so than today. In Harper's for July, H. G. Hapgood, speaking of the search for men, says: "Three types of ability are in constant demand for the more important positions in the business world—the ability to organize, direct and manage, the ability to create new markets, either by advertising or personal argument; and the ability to supervise detail work and devise labor and time saving devices. For these abilities employers are willing to pay salaries that formerly would have been considered fabulous. It is the possession or lack of one or all of these types which divides men into three great classes. At one extreme are the extraordinary capable executives, salesmen and detail men; at the other extreme, men who possess none of these qualifications, but are fitted to do manual labor or automatically perform routine clerical duties—the mediocre man, too proud to work with his hands, and with only a limited amount of executive selling or detailing ability. The business world is looking for men who can achieve results. All others are hurriedly pushed aside. The market value of such men has risen with the demand."

The Separation of Norway and Sweden.

THE TROUBLE has at last broken out between two countries that were never in close harmony with each other. The fires of discontent have been for several years smouldering and have recently taken on the seriousness of a conflagration. Commenting upon the discontent the Union Gospel News says: "The old quarrel between Norway and Sweden over separate foreign representation for Norway has broken out again, and serious trouble on the Scandinavian Peninsula is threatened. Under the compact between the dual kingdom, Sweden undertakes to represent both countries through her diplomatic service. Norway, however, feels that under this arrangement her interests are not fully served. King Oscar has refused to sign the bill for separate consulates, and Norway has just floated a loan of about \$10,000,000 in Paris. The Swedes suspect that this is for military purposes. In view of the severe check Russia has received to her desire for better ports in Asia, it is believed she will now seek more determinedly than ever to secure a better sea port in Europe. By consulting a map it may be seen that only a short stretch of Norwegian territory separates the boundary of Russia from the open Atlantic Coast. It has already been found that Russia has been seeking to spread discontent among the people in Northern Norway with their government. Hence it may be that Russia is not an idle spectator in the present misunderstanding between Sweden and Norway. A war that would give her an excuse for intervention and the securing of a stretch of Atlantic coast would not be abhorrent to the Czar's government just now."

The Church as a Financial Concern.

WE ARE LIVING in an age which is seeing the dollar proving its claim to the oft quoted adjective "Almighty." It is creeping into the church and threatens to sap it of its spiritual life. A case in point is quoted from a Toronto paper. Some time ago a petition was sent to the Presbyterian General Assembly at Kingston, in which a widow prayed that the interest on a bequest of her deceased husband be set aside to provide for the wants of her son, who is sick of consumption away from home, fighting for his life. The request was set aside, and reason given was "that their sympathy must not interfere with their duty. If they took the money, they were bound to use it in the way directed by the testator." The Toronto Saturday Night, commenting on the matter says: "I wonder if it occurred to these gentlemen who are so determined to perform their duties according to the letter, to ask themselves what the great Founder of Christianity would have done in the same cir-

cumstances. Would He have deemed it inadvisable to establish a precedent for the performance of an act of common humanity? Would he have possessed so great a respect for the letter of the deceased gentleman's will that He would permit his son to die of consumption rather than assume the responsibility of a technical breach of instructions? To the ordinary observer it looks as if the controllers of the Presbyterian church were afraid to part with a little money that they had got hold of. This may be doing a number of well-meaning gentlemen an injustice, but I sincerely believe this is the way the average man will regard the case. It is not the first time governing bodies of churches have displayed a degree of business acumen quite disproportionate to their christian charity and humanity. Indeed, if mere business ability would but assure success, there is scarcely a church on this continent that would not be 'booming.' But the great equalizing law of average renders it impossible for any man or any body of men to serve two gods successfully at the same time."

The Church and the Laboring Classes.

IT IS SOMEWHAT seldom one sees an independent position taken upon the vexed question of the church's attitude to the labor world. Extreme views there are in abundance, which are defended with a warmth which often descends to acrimony. Washington Gladden knows the labor world as few know it, and his knowledge of it has determined the following recent utterance: "The conditions of the wage-laborer who stands alone confronting the enormous aggregations of capital now controlling nearly all our industries, and who is compelled to make his own bargains with the employers for the wages on which he subsists, is not very different from that of the slave. There appears to be but one way of salvation open to him. He must combine with his fellow-laborers and collective bargaining must be substituted for individual bargaining. That is the only way in which he can be delivered from penury and bondage. Of course this remedy may involve some very unpleasant experiences. The laboring men thus uniting are likely to misuse their power. Most people who get power into their hands misuse it more or less. Corporations abuse their power in many nefarious ways. Labor unions are often guilty of grave abuses of power. They make extravagant demands and vexatious rules; they resort to violence. All this is reprehensible and must be resisted and punished. But no system is to be denounced or forbidden because of its abuses. It must be purged of its abuses; it must be held firmly to its purposes. It is the only method by which labor, under the present industrial system, can save itself from degradation and slavery. The laboring classes have a right to the hearty, cordial, outspoken sympathy and support of the christian church in their endeavors to do this. Their unreason and spite and violence need not be approved, but their central purpose ought to be confirmed and applauded. If the christian church does not approve of slavery, she ought to say so, in terms which cannot be misunderstood."

Dress Reform for Women.

THE SUBJECT of dress reform for women is always a live one. The frequent changes in feminine attire, and the tortuous shapes she is made to assume by despotic dressmakers, make life a burden difficult to bear. Here and there a lady grows cynical as she contemplates the monstrosities which a fickle custom makes her don. Maud Johnson, the Pathfinder, breaks out in a vein of sarcasm against the feminine hat. There are articles of clothing that need reforming as much as the dress does. Hats and shoes as they exist today certainly do not answer the purpose for which they were originally intended. They were no doubt invented for protection, but shoes today are instruments of torture, and hats—well, I suppose they are worn for ornaments, much as the Indian wears feathers in his hair or the Japanese wear pins and fans. Did you ever have a hat that protected you from the sun or cold? If you did I'll venture to guess that it was not in style. In summer Dame Fashion gives you a hat that flares straight up in front giving the sun a good chance at your eyes—which is all right if your eyes are strong and you do not mind the sun, but what is the use of wearing a hat if you don't need it? In the winter you will probably be given a pyramid of wire and lace that covers a space on the top of your head about two inches square. I have faith enough in Nature to believe that I need no protection from the heat or cold, and I think, dear women, we can find something better to do than to go through life as hatracks. There are hats now that have what I believe are inverted crowns. That is undoubtedly the proper name, for if you wore your hat upside down no one would ever know the difference.

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Elsie's Matchmaking

By E. M. G., Winnipeg

"It is too hot to do anything but be lazy," Carry Willis had declared, when her dearest girl friend had suggested a stroll by the river; and lazy she certainly looked, stretched on a luxurious lounge, in the cool drawing room. True, she had an open book in her hand, but any adventurous youth might easily have stepped up and stolen a kiss from those tempting red lips—for she was in S'umterland.

Voices on the balcony, wafted in by the summer breeze, at length aroused her, and she stretched and sighed. Fragments of the conversation floated in and her lip curled as she heard Miss Belinda and Minnie Jackson discussing the love affairs of the various young ladies of their acquaintance.

Suddenly she started up and leaned forward as if to catch every word, while an angry flush rose to her cheek.

"Here comes Dick Warren and Elsie Gordon; been for a lover's stroll, I guess. I wonder where Carrie is?"

"I am surprised she is not there, too; really it is disgraceful the way she tries to monopolize him, forcing herself on him; but she will have to play her cards well if she means to win him, for anyone can see he thinks a lot of Elsie, and she of him."

"Oh, yes, I shall not be the least surprised—"

But Carry heard no more. Springing up, she rushed from the room, down the hall, out a side door, nor stopped till she reached her favorite hiding place, a shady nook, securely hidden by tall trees, from two of which temptingly hung a hammock.

But the hammock had no charms for

her now. Throwing herself on the grass she gave way to her anger and wounded feelings in a passionate burst of tears.

"How dare they! how dare they!" she cried; "but, oh, it is not true; it can't be; it has always been Richie and I ever since I can remember; and to say that I force myself on him—it isn't fair; surely he does not think that!"

She lay still for a while, thinking it all over, and wondering what she should do.

"After all," she mused, "he never said he loved me; perhaps he does care for her; I always tell her she is so much nicer and better than I—well, if he does not want me, I guess I can spare him to my darling Elsie."

This was a heroic resolve, which proved easier said than done.

Meanwhile the sky had grown dark, and a slight sprinkle of rain gave warning of an approaching shower, so Carry picked herself up and started for the house. In the distance she saw Dick Warren hastening towards the gates. "So he is not going to stay for dinner," she thought. "I don't care; I am glad. Thank goodness, those Jacksons go tomorrow; I hate them, if they are our guests."

While dressing for dinner, she carefully made her plans. She would watch for herself for awhile and see if it was so; and if those "hateful" Jacksons were right, she would run away and pay a long promised visit to her cousins in the States. Anyway, she would not give Dick any more chances to think she was angling for him.

Just then Elsie danced into the room. "Where have you been? Richie and I were looking for you everywhere. He brought some news."

"What is it?" answered Carry, carelessly.

"Why, you have heard me speak of Arthur Morton, a chum of his I met last summer; he is coming to stay with him in a few days, and of course we shall see lots of him."

"Oh! what fun!" exclaimed Carry. "I was just wishing for someone fresh to amuse me. It is so long since we had a new boy to play with," she added, laughingly.

Elsie's eyes opened wide. "Now, now, Carry, you need not pretend Richie is not enough for you always, without anyone new."

"Oh, well, Elsie, I am sure you enjoy his company just as much as I do; you need not pretend you don't."

The next week was certainly the most miserable Carry ever spent. True to her resolve, she carefully watched and weighed each action and word that passed between Dick and Elsie, imagining they were but the veil of deeper feelings, till she almost believed the surmise she had heard was true.

To Elsie she was just as loving; in fact, she seemed to cling to her more than ever, but towards Dick she allowed a slight coolness mixed with a careless indifference to take the place of the former familiar intercourse to which they were accustomed.

At first he was inclined to think it a joke, but as day after day went on in the same manner he grew more and more perplexed.

It was very monotonous to both of them, though indeed, neither let the other know he or she thought so; however, Carry's spirits rose (to all appearances) on the arrival of Arthur Morton, and if her aim was to make Richie jealous by the way she treated his friend, she certainly succeeded, for

he began to think she really preferred the latter's company to his.

One lovely afternoon the four friends were enjoying themselves in a lazy fashion, under the shade of the tall trees, which made the lawn so beautiful. Dick, who was studying to be a lawyer, was revelling in a three weeks' holiday, and needless to say, he and his friend spent most of their time in the company of the two girls, where they were always welcome. He had hoped to carry back to his work with him a certain promise from Carry, to help him along, but somehow he began to fear that it was hopeless.

During a pause in the merry chit-chat, Arthur glanced up at Elsie, to find her eyes fixed on him with a scrutinizing air.

"What are you thinking of, Miss Gordon?" he asked; "I am sure it was about me."

"You may be sorry you wanted to know," said Carry; "Elsie is noted for her candor."

"I am not afraid; do tell," he pleaded.

Elsie colored slightly. "I was just thinking of the difference between you and Richie."

"How interesting! You have but whetted our curiosity; you must go on to explain it now."

"Why, except that you are both tall, you are as different as possible: still Mr. Morton is much slighter than you; then Richie has brown eyes that make you feel as if you must laugh, while you have big brown serious ones; and you have lots of dark curly hair, and are clean shaven, and I think you would look funny with a moustache, but Richie has an ordinary quantity of straight fair hair, and since he has grown that golden moustache, it is whispered among the girls that he is 'getting quite good looking.' Richie is always a great tease, and generally very merry, but you at present, any-

way, always seem dreadfully sober, and oh! I can't tell you all the differences."

By this time both gentlemen were laughing heartily, and Richie said mischievously:

"The best way to end such a description, Elsie, would be to tell us which is the nicest of two such nice fellows."

Elsie crimsoned, but Carry promptly came to her rescue:

"You need not fish, Richie; I'll tell you; you know, though, it is yourself. I could write a book full of the nice things she says about you; and now seeing that it is four o'clock, I vote we go into the house for some tea."

Elsie was off instantly, anxious to cool her face, after Carry's last speech. Arthur hurried after her, leaving Richie and Carry to follow.

There was an awkward pause; then Richie exclaimed:

"Four o'clock, by Jove! I promised to meet a fellow down town; you will excuse me, Carry?"

For a moment she forgot the role she was playing:

"Oh, Richie, must you go?"

"I am sorry, Carry; I wish I could stay," he answered, looking longingly at the fair face by his side, "but I promised, and 'where duty calls,' you know."

"Oh! it does not really matter, only I thought you and Elsie would like to

no hope; surely it is not Arthur who is to claim my prize, my best jewel? If so, life will be blank indeed."

His emotion was terrible and for a moment Elsie was unable to reply.

"Hush, Richie! I cannot think; give me time."

He dropped into a seat by her side, and his eyes never left her face as she tried to collect her thoughts and think in what way she could bring about the reconciliation of her two dearest friends. Five minutes passed, then suddenly the trees parted and Carry's white face appeared: she started, and a ripple of laughter broke from her lips.

"Excuse me; I did not mean to interrupt you. What a charming tete-a-tete! I must go and find Arthur, and we'll have one, too."

She was gone like a flash, as suddenly as she had come. Richie turned to the silent figure beside him:

"What does she mean? why was she so white? Ah! Elsie, you are a woman and her dearest friend, surely you can divine her feelings?"

Then she rose and laughed, though somewhat tremulously. Her voice shook slightly as she spoke:

"Why, Richie, dear old stupid, I can see it all as plain as daylight! She thinks I am the lucky one; and I believe she actually thought—thought—why, she thought that you were 'pop-

it ached for half an hour after.

"God bless you, Elsie," he said huskily, "you are a brick!"

His face was radiant with hope and joy as he turned and left her, looking back to say, "We'll come back and report in half an hour."

Elsie leaned back and let the breeze fan her burning cheeks. "I am glad it is all right now," she murmured. "It is a dangerous game to play at," and she sighed. Just then a bird broke forth into a merry song, and she smiled as she thought, "Dickie is singing because he is so happy, and so am I."

Just then the trees parted again, this time disclosing Arthur Morton to view.

"I thought you were away fishing. Richie said you were," she exclaimed. "Oh! it is too slow for anything today—but, Miss Elsie, you look as happy as if you had found a gold mine. What has happened?"

"Well, I have not, but I think Richie and Carry probably have by now. He went to look for her a few minutes ago, and I expect it is a match now. Why, Mr. Morton, I believe you are as glad as I am."

"I am awfully glad, but I am afraid my joy has a selfish vein in it."

"Selfish!" echoed Elsie; "how can that be?"

"Can't you guess? Don't you know what I was afraid of—why I have been so sober lately? Oh, Elsie, let me tell you: I love the dearest girl that ever was, and I was afraid that Dick was wanting her, but now, speak, darling; tell me I may claim you now."

But Elsie could not; she felt as if she would fall, and grasped the arm of the seat for support; the suddenness of it almost took away her breath.

"Can't you love me a little, dear?" he pleaded. "Perhaps I have surprised you, but I will wait for any time for you, darling; only give me a little hope."

Elsie turned her blushing face to him.

"Perhaps," she said softly, "I was a little selfish, too. I believe now that I was a bit afraid that you wanted Carry, and I did not want that, though I hardly knew why at the time."

The last words were almost in a whisper, but Arthur heard and understood, and Elsie found herself in his strong arms.

"Tell me," he said, after a long pause, spent in the usual manner, "did you never want Richie for yourself?"

"I always was fond of him, and always shall be," she answered. "Don't you dare to be jealous; but now—"

"Now," said Arthur, drawing her closer to him.

And she whispered softly: "God bless thee, my beloved—God bless thee!"

So Richie and Carry found them when they came back to "report" half an hour after, both blushing, but the picture of happiness.

"Why, why, Elsie," exclaimed Carry, after standing a minute unperceived; then Elsie broke away from Arthur.



Waiting for a Bite.

try and beat Arthur and me at tennis after tea. Well, so long!"

She danced away, leaving him plunged in despair once more, and her own heart heavier still.

The next afternoon she spent in her room, lying down with a headache, and Elsie, having sat for two hours with a book, without taking in one word of its meaning, wandered about disconsolately on the lawn. At last she betook herself to the old place where they had spent so many happy hours, as they had done the day before; to her surprise she discovered Dick there, pacing up and down.

"Why, I thought you and Arthur had gone fishing! Why are you here?"

"I left him there—I could not stay. What do I care about fishing?" he answered moodily.

"Poor boy!" The pity in her eyes was evident and sincere. She knew what was the trouble; she had watched the by-play with anxious interest, for she knew, after all, each cared for the other and could not understand the cause for the present clouds.

"Poor dear old Dick; do tell me—perhaps I can help. I think we understand each other," and she laid her hand sympathetically on his arm.

For a full minute he looked intently into her beseeching brown eyes, then he exclaimed:

"I will, Elsie, for I know you are as true as steel. You know it, though, without my telling you. I love her dearly—so dearly; but somehow lately I don't believe she cares a bit for me. Oh, Elsie!"—his voice rising with the depths of his feelings—"tell me, is there

ping the question.' I expect we both looked quite serious. Run after her, quick, Richie! How could she go and find Arthur? He is not on hand to find: that was merely to throw dust in our eyes. Go, dear, and success be with you!" for he stood as in a dream, gazing at her. Then suddenly he caught her hand and grasped it so that



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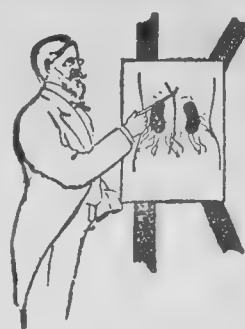
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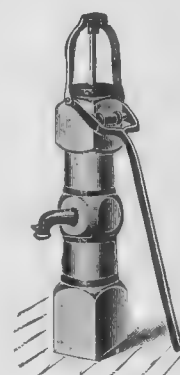


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How Sugar Cane is Produced

By Elizabeth Atwater.

It is gratifying to know that the quantity of cane sugar used in Canada is yearly increasing—due it is said to the surtax on beet sugar, which is produced in Germany and France. Cane sugar being preferable to the beet sugar, it is surely more patriotic to use a better article when it is a natural product of sister colonies; most of our cane sugar being grown in the West Indies.

The sugar cane (*saccharum officinarum*) is a member of the gramineae family. It was brought to Europe at the time of the Crusades and is now grown in all warm countries. There are large plantations in the West Indies, Gulf States, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands.

It grows to a height of from ten to twelve feet when properly cultivated. The root is fibrous, and the stem, which is from one to three inches in diameter, is jointed and covered with a thick, fibrous skin, inside of which is a sweet juicy substance. Long grass-like leaves grow



Sugar Cane.

alternately from the joints. It has small sessile flowers arranged on a common peduncle, which form a light green spike about a foot long on the top of each cane. The sugar cane is perennial and therefore would grow up from the roots every year. These crops are called ratoons (a corruption of the Spanish word *retono*, a shoot) and are not in favor with planters, who prefer to have the roots dug up and plant fresh sets every year.

The first step in preparing the soil for a cane crop is to subsoil plough it eighteen inches deep. The surface is then worked all over with hoes, and holes two feet wide are dug to the depth of the ploughing, at intervals of three feet. These are filled with manure compost and covered with earth. The negro laborers walk down the rows carrying crowbars, with which they make a hole in each



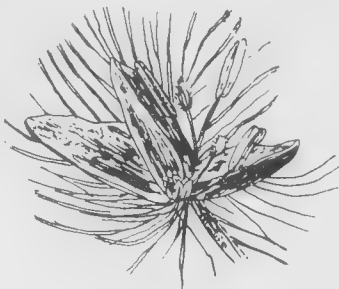
A Spikelet.

of the pits and more negroes follow carrying baskets of sets on their heads; placing one in each hole and pressing the earth over it with their feet. These sets are prepared by cutting the tops off of plants about a year old.

In the West Indies the planting is done in December, and when the young plants are about a foot high they are carefully mulched by having dried cane leaves from the previous crop placed on the ground around them to a depth of six inches. This is to conserve moisture. It takes cane just fourteen months to mature in these islands, but in the Hawaiian Islands it takes two years and in

Louisiana only one. A large plantation covers from nine hundred to fifteen hundred acres.

In some of the West Indian Islands,



Blossom.

notably Barbados, the land rises abruptly from the valleys, sometimes to a considerable height, and during the wet season the water percolates the soil to a stratum of rock (carbonate of lime) on which the soil—in some places not over four feet in depth—rests. During one of the wet seasons a few years ago, in the island of Barbados (not "Barbadoes"), a small field of cane on the side of a steep hill slid down to a less abrupt slope, on which it rested, giving rise to a lawsuit as to the ownership of the cane crop, which, with the ground on which it was growing, had passed over the line to another estate.

When the cane is ready to use, the negroes are set to work to cut it before it blossoms. They move down the field in even lines, at regular distances apart. The tool used in cutting is the machete, which is the typical tool of Jamaica. These are made in Europe, and have heavy sword-like blades, clumsy handles and wooden grips. The purchaser has to take it to a blacksmith to have the handle made smaller, the blade sharpened and the sharp point cut off in case of accident. After putting lighter grips on it and winding a stout cord tightly and evenly around the handle, he has a general purpose tool at a total cost of about two shillings. Two blows with this will slash off the cane leaves and one more cuts off the stalk.

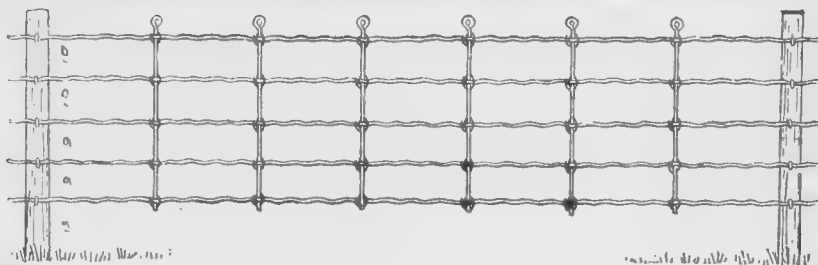
Machete Ready for Use.

The canes are hauled to the mill in ox wagons. In many places in the British West Indies neck-yokes are used on the oxen, and the wagon wheels are made of mahogany. A peculiarity of these wagons noticeable in some places is that the box rests entirely on the hind axle, the front of the box resting on the middle of the reach, because they "have always had it that way."

After being emptied from the carts the cane is piled carefully lengthwise in a long trough made of slats and moved by the power of the engine. From this carrier it goes through heavy horizontal rollers, which crush the cane between them and the juice falls into the receivers below. Small plantations often use windmills and vertical rollers. Accidents sometimes happen of a very serious nature, attended with loss of life, especially when the canes are hand-fed to the rollers or cylinders. On one estate not very long ago a negress was drawn in between them and crushed before the mill could be stopped. As the crushed cane falls on the other side of the mill it is gathered into baskets by the negroes and spread in the fields to dry for fuel for the engine.

From the receivers the juice runs into large open vats called defecators. These are heated by the exhaust steam of the engine, which is sent through them in pipes. The heat purges the scum off to some extent,

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After passing the last defecator the juice runs through a trough into the first caldron. The caldrons, of which there is a number, are deep, copper vats, heated hot. In them the juice boils, and as the scum rises, a negro skims it off with a long heavy skimmer, and it is given to the hogs. The juice is ladled from one caldron to the next, and after leaving the last one it is put into large shallow pans or trays, called oscillators. In them it is completely crystallized and cooled. After it is cooled it is brown sugar and molasses, but it is still raw. The workers shovel it into hogsheads which have holes bored in the bottom and the molasses drains through them. Strips of cane are placed in the hogsheads with their ends in the holes to drain more easily. Underneath are large copper receivers placed on an inclined plane, so that the molasses will be caught and carried off.

In the mills in most of the British West Indies, while different grades of sugar are made, according to the process, no refining is done; refined sugar being imported, at least until very recently. Muscovado sugar is the coarsest kind, the common brown. Of this there are several qualities, and even from the same mill, at least two grades, the dry sugar in hogsheads, from which the molasses has drained, and the damp sugar, exported

in coarse sacks—the scrapings and cleanings of the sugar troughs. Vacuum pan sugar is a much finer quality, and sweeter than the common brown sugar of commerce, from the refineries. In short, different processes produce different varieties, such as Aspinall's pan and the centrifugal.

An article might be written on the refining process in our refineries in Canada, but space will not permit me to enter into it. Briefly, the raw brown sugar is melted again and chemicals are mixed with it which separate all the impure matter from the sugar and make it pure and white. It is poured into moulds and hardened, some of it is cut into cubes and sold as loaf sugar; the rest is ground into granulated sugar. Ground very fine, it is called powdered sugar.

No more healthy, happy looking children can be seen anywhere than the negro children of the West Indies, who not only eat sugar-cane constantly, but also sugar. They rarely drink pure water—there is none—but invariably dissolve a tablespoonful of sugar in a tumbler of water to drink. The white children of the plantations also drink sugar and water. I fear, however, that although sugar is healthful, they would not thrive on much of the cheap candy manufactured in Canada—not because sugar is unwholesome though.

ANDY CARSON

Written for The Western Home Monthly.

They had finished the last of the barley that day and had "quit" early, so that seven o'clock found them in their shack with chores done and tea over. Tea, it certainly was, being the only edible that had held its own against the seeding time, and consequently had to make up for the waning pork, baker's bread, store butter and dried apples. To speak truthfully, the tea did not at all resemble the ladies' five o'clock affairs which are so delightful to the eye, but to a hungry boy an aggravation; nor yet was it like the teas the dear old aunts and grandmas have where one is helped again and again regardless of etiquette and which one never forgets.

It were worth knowing the thoughts of Andy's granny, had she seen his tea table that night. But she never knew and her kind old bosom was saved a sigh.

Four poplar poles in thin native elegance, and cut to a reasonably even length, served as legs for the table, the top of which was formed of boards, planed on one side and which at some previous time had done duty as a door. But the burden that this unique piece of furniture supported! We have heard of tables that groaned beneath their load, which in this case it might be justified in doing. No needless dishes found a place there, but those used were of the sturdiest type, and bore marks of many a fray. 'Twas never known how the owners contrived when a visitor appeared, tho' many a hungry wayfarer had been refreshed at the same little shack; for gratitude kept him silent, and of the domestic arrangement the outside world knew nothing. The centre of the table was occupied, not by a flower pot, but a granite pot in which the afore-mentioned dried apples had been cooked and though it was now empty, from the specimen still left clinging to the side of the vessel, one would not be favorably impressed with dried apples. Scarcely any of the pork remained, but a pile of rinds on the corner of the table, and a long strip of fat with a hair-like thread of lean through it, which hung from the ceiling and glistened with salt. One would have imagined the butter to have been manufactured where dandelions or sunflowers were abundant, though Andy's thought was that it came from where the elephants grew, being, as he expressed it, "strong enough to draw a scrub plow." The bread was the only article a dyspeptic would venture upon, its freshness having passed away long since. Only the heel of a loaf remained on the table now, but an Indian could have found the place whence it came by the crumbs leading to a certain grain bag in the corner of the room. It should, however, have required an Indian to trace the way, for though the crumbs were plentiful enough, dust, kindlings, ashes and straw had found their way in as well. The broom was lost and they had been too busy to look for it; besides, visitors are scarce in seeding time. How could they live in such dirt? you say. Well, of their conscious hours, very little did they live in it. A hasty meal in the grey morning when everything is quiet save the birds; a midday meal snatched in the same way (for there was no dessert to linger over), and the evening repast somewhere in the neighborhood of nine o'clock, and then sweet sleep until notified that time was passing, by that malicious invention—the alarm clock. To men like these the country owes much, who, defying circumstances, force the Great West to yield them her golden treasure and do their part in making Canada the granary of the world.

These two young men were trying their luck at farming. Andy Carson was beginning his second year and Bill Sinklaw his first. They were partners, Bill having, as he expressed it, funds to invest, at which Andy smiled, for

he, by constantly hearing it, was beginning to drop the civilized term of "funds" or "money" and used instead "stuff" or "dough." But Bill would learn. On this particular evening Bill was engaged in the delightful occupation of making "whittles," and Andy in the not so pleasant but infinitely more necessary work of mending his socks. Something possessed Bill's thoughts that from time to time caused his broad shoulders to expand to their utmost and his erect form to straighten until it certainly would reach the six foot mark, which he professed to be. A fine manly figure he presented, and handsome, too, though maybe somewhat of the swagger (for not every man is 72 inches in his boots), which caused the other young men to delight in taking him down a peg, though they with one voice voted that "after all Bill was all right."

His companion was of much humbler proportions, rather undersized, with cheek and neck bronzed by western wind and weather, but some way his fair hair and mild blue eyes with long curling lashes made one think of a gentle mother. It were well, however, to be somewhat wary of those same eyes at times, for if there be mischief brewing, the long lashes may cover the eyes to hide divers wicked spirits, planning undreamed of confusion, and the mouth may droop to hide an evil laugh at the dismay of his victim. His sisters called this his "Sunday school look" and vowed they despised him for his teasing ways, but that was not true; for though few ever got square with Andy, yet everybody loved him.

The mending, which consisted in sewing up the holes with small wrapping cord, had gone on with snaillike briskness. One sock had reached the stage beyond mending and consequently had to be "jumped." That is, turning the sock until the heel, rather its place, rests on the instep, thus the yet entire instep covers the heel.

The conversation flowed on, Bill having the floor.

"She certainly is a fine looking girl; as fine a looking girl as I ever saw, and I have seen some in the east." The east referred to was not the far east, from which the wise men came, but Ontario, and especially a particular part near Toronto. "That she is clever," he continued, "may be seen from the fact that at eighteen she is teaching this school," and in the pause that followed his companion mildly drawled, "Yes, this school is notorious," for it was well known that the school had, in the past at least, been fated to a number of miserable time serving creatures. "Oh, yes! you'll say that anyone can teach and get a school, but they all say that Miss Barton is bringing on the children exceedingly well."

"Yes, she'll soon be here three months," was Andy's gentle reply in a tone that suggested that a new broom sweeps clean, and at which Bill was thoroughly piqued.

Poor Bill! He was hopelessly involved ever since he had driven the school ma'am from the station upon her arrival, and as the boys said, "had it so bad" that he could not see that his provoking companion was but teasing him and having more fun than he deserved.

Had Bill been wise the conversation had dropped here, but feeling that so far he had lost a throw or two and wishing to make good his loss, he continued, "Well, of course, every one has a right to his own opinion, but I think Miss Barton is getting on well with the school and is a favorite with every one."

"With some, no doubt," quietly from his tormentor. A scorching red, notwithstanding the tan, spread over the cheek of the luckless Bill, but he ignored the remark and went on, stiffly, "Yes, I think she is a very fine girl and very agreeable. To be sure, not one

of your spider-waisted, airy fairy creatures." As her avoirdupois was somewhere near the hundred and fifty mark, the worthy Andy replied that he quite agreed with him, which remark proved the last straw to Bill. Getting very red and striking a dignified attitude, in doing which the teapot was upset into the ash-pail, where it stayed until needed the following morning, he exclaimed angrily, "See here, old man, what is the matter with you? I'm not going to stand it. If you have anything to say against Miss Barton, say it now, I want to hear it." But here he was met by a look of such blank amazement that Bill stopped short, and when Andy followed in an injured tone, "Did I say anything disrespectful about Miss Barton?" Bill could not see his way out of the tangle but felt bound to speak.

"Well, you—said—she—was fat—and you hinted—that—well—See here, old man, I believe you are jealous. You want to go there yourself, but I am going to take her home from the dance Tuesday night, in spite of fate. Say, Andy, I'll bet you \$5 that I'll see Miss Barton home from the dance."

Andy bent over his sock, but in his half closed eyes evil spirits danced, but he moodily muttered something about it being all right for Bill, and he, conscious that Andy had come off best in the last encounter thirsted for revenge.

"Come, Andy, your chance is as good as mine (which in his heart he hoped was a lie). You know her as well as

the railway came, had secured his farm, later had patiently built himself a comfortable house of concrete, and the dance was given in honor of his only daughter Jean who had that day nineteen years before opened her baby eyes on this world. To see her to-night it was no wonder they were all proud of "our Jean." She was receiving her guests in all the glory of a new muslin frock, her mother's gift; a gold watch and chain, a father's foolishness for his "baby;" an ostrich fan, big brother Tom's present; while likewise numerous pins, combs, bows, handkerchiefs adorned her person, for she wished to please all by wearing their presents. A worthy motive, but sometimes inconvenient. And the other girls. Bright, pleasant, generally low-voiced, healthy and happy. Some in the important rustle of new muslin or print, some in heavier dresses, and a few with an attempt at elegance. Some wore their hair in all the tortured magnificence of curls and frizzes, which ere morning presented a wondrous sight. Some drew their tresses into tight rolls securely fastened by numberless pins, sometimes a net, from which should one rebellious hair free itself, it was immediately captured and put back, and with the tight rolls usually went a few scared curls or frizzes over the fair brow. Others again with a true artistic touch wore their hair softly curled or waved and as best became their face coiled on the crown or caught to the back of the head, not so loose as to show signs of collapse



Feeding the Calves.

I do; come, put up your dough," but that naughty boy, seeing that a seeming reluctance but added fuel to the fire, demurred with "money did not grow on trees." "Well here's a chance to make money. What is a western man if not a speculator? Come, take your medicine." "Well," in a sickly manner, "you'll fight fair?"

"All is fair in love and war," was the confident answer, as Bill produced his \$5, which Andy with very apparent distaste covered with one from his trunk. The bills were both put in an old sugar bowl and pushed to the rear part of the cupboard for safety. In truth it was a place of security, for no one, unless hardened by personal experience, will dare probe the mysteries of a bachelor's cupboard.

It was the evening of the dance, springlike, warm, delightful as the first of June usually is in the west. The first shy flowers, the anemone, the violet and the cowslip had come, and gave without stint of their sweetness, while the birds with the meadow lark as choirmaster, flooded the air with perfect melody seeming to marvel how man could be silent. Though the evening was well advanced, the great sun, swung well round to the north, was still above the horizon, and with his long golden needles sought to draw all attention to his glory. 'Twas a lovely twilight hour, and for a little time hushed the merry chatter of the young people as they trooped along in carts and buckboard and covered buggy to the dance. It was at Old McLearn's. The good man, a pioneer of the place, had settled long before

before the first dance was over, not so tight as to suggest pain.

The gentlemen were all, or nearly all, very clean, very brown, and very pleasant. Some few were entirely at their ease, a greater number wished to appear so, and a large number, especially of the younger fry, looked decidedly uncomfortable. Their stiff collars dug into their necks, their clothes hitched, their boots squeaked and from a non-acquaintance with comb and hair brush on all working days, these youths, upon whom the future of the country depends, did not appear to advantage. This was before the dance began. When the fiddler had twang-twanged a few times, the organ groaned a long A, the door between the two largest rooms was thrown open, in which the "caller-off" stood and shouted that so many couples were wanted. When the dance was thus begun, all became at their ease. Stiff collars, squeaky boots, hitching clothes were forgotten in the music and motion of the dance.

And what about Bill and his chum? They arrived somewhat late, their wardrobe needing some attention, with no long suffering mother or sister to bring order out of confusion; but a good shave, a good wash, a suit of good clothes transformed the two hayseeds into two swell young gentlemen.

When they arrived the dancing was in full swing, and each made a quiet survey of the room. Andy noted that the girl he wanted was not there, the prim little prairie maid who demurely went her own way, and to all appearances paid no attention to his Sunday-school looks and pathetic sighs. But

appearances may deceive at times. Despite his pleading, she had gone that night to a church meeting, the stubborn minx; but in his heart he was pleased, for he knew her conscience to be a safer rule than his advice. Bill spied the object of his affection, the school ma'am, at the farther end of the parlor, arrayed in pale blue with cream over lace, and thought her marvellously fair. She was looking at the photos in lonely splendor, the other maids leaving her severely alone, thinking she was stylish and proud. In this they wronged Miss Barton. Proud she was not, but having pretty clothes, wished to wear them, as any sensible girl would.

Bill at once made way to where his heart led, though he thought himself a brave, maybe, presuming to approach such beauty. But in this case he must not be slack, for was not a rival at hand, perhaps numbers of them. He looked to where Andy was, but that worthily was paying respects to the lady of the house and others in the dowager corner, thereby winning for himself the reputation of being a "nice quiet boy;" waited and had his first dance with Miss Jean and apparently had forgotten that Miss Barton was present.

Bill was beginning to feel more secure. He wished so much to do the thing nicely. Any unseemly haste to insure his claim would appear bad form. He would wait till supper time. He would manage to have the last dance before supper, have her company during the repast and then he would try his luck. He was almost sure of his bet, but what care he for that, he would not take the money from Andy. 'Twas the drive home he thought of. Poor Bill. He was so much in earnest he was not free to plan coolly as the careless Andy, who cared not a rush except for the joke. Had it been the other girl, who teased him by her perverseness, perhaps Andy had not planned so well. As it was, he found out that supper was to be served somewhat early, and leaving time for two sets to be danced, wandered aimlessly in the neighborhood of Miss Barton, and secured the dance but one before supper. Observing that the temperature was not sinking, he suggested a promenade on the verandah, which the lady was but too glad to do. It was so pleasant and refreshing, no notice was taken of the forming set in which they were to take part, until Andy exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Barton this is too bad of you. By our talking we have lost our dance, and I have not had one to-night. May I not have the next?" Miss Barton frankly admitted that she was an everlasting chatterbox, and willing to make amends, consented. As the set was closing the somewhat anxious Bill appeared to put in his claim, but Andy protested that Bill was getting more than his share, and Miss Barton asked so sweetly to be excused, it being all her fault, etc., that ere Bill knew what he was doing, he was smiling and agreeing in the most pleasant manner. Had she, with the same look, asked him to put his hand in the fire, he would certainly have consented as freely. For the remainder of the evening, however, his thoughts were not of the most amiable towards Andy, who led Miss Barton to the dance, had supper with her and the dance following. While supping her tea Miss Barton remarked about the misfortune of the school children, who would suffer for her late hours. Andy hoped she would not think of the home going early, though he supposed it had attractions peculiarly its own. She did not agree with him. Could that be possible when he had heard someone so confident of the honor. Miss Dignity demanded an explanation, whereupon the shameless youth hesitated, knowing that as of old curiosity will lead woman to her ruin. He hoped he had not offended, he was sure the fellow did not intend to hurt her feelings (the only true part of it) and ended with "if you have brothers, Miss Barton, you know how quickly men say, 'I'll bet five dollars, never thinking how it may sound to other ears.'" The girl at once became the severe school ma'am, sternly administering justice. "Did he say he'd bet five dollars he would see me home?" Andy was silent, with down-

cast eyes. A pause and then from the lady, "This waste of money is to be regretted, for he has certainly lost his bet." Another pause, when in his most saintly demeanor Andy hoped she was not angry with him. Oh no. She smiled reassuringly; indeed she should be told of it and it was kind of him to let her know. This last proved nearly too much even for Andy, who almost upset his own plans by laughing uproariously. When about to leave her side Andy hoped she would not let that little affair spoil her pleasure for the night; dances were few and far between, the people with whom she came would go home early, but she need not go, and, "might he beg for that of which another had boasted," and the unsuspecting girl had walked into the trap.

But now his triumphs were over. He knew he had acted small, for he had a mother, a conscience and a heart. He knew his mother hoped great things of him, and he felt that

for the past few hours his conduct would scarcely come under that head, and his heart said, "Put yourself in his place." "Pshaw!" he muttered, "I don't care a pin's worth and with Bill it is different." Of course Bill had to a certain extent brought it on himself, but uprightness and honesty, by precept and example had been too well instilled for Andy to feel comfortable. However, it could not be helped now, but he let drop a word to save his friend a refusal, for apart from fun, he really wished to help Bill.

It was the night after the dance. Weariness, defeat and heartache had spoiled Bill's temper all day, of which fact the horses had convincing proof. Andy made some attempts at reconciliation, but Bill was firm. They bet fair, he said, all that was in the sugar bowl was Andy's who instead of urging the point resolved to wait until Bill had cooled off somewhat. But he over-estimated his own strength.

They were about to prepare the even-

ing meal when in an awestruck whisper Andy cried, "Bill, there's the girls," who turned to see Miss Barton and Andy's ideal close to the door, which was open. The house was seldom in worse plight, and there was but a moment of time, but here Andy showed his generalship. Leaving to Bill the duties of host, he with a skilful movement drew the dark coverlet over the bed, which was a master stroke, and hastily let the towel drop from its nail to the floor where it at least would not be so conspicuous. He hoped it would fall behind the box that served as a washstand, which it did but in part.

The girls were collecting for the church, or rather for the church organ. Miss Barton being, as she expressed it, the best beggar, doing most of the talking. Past debts demanded that five dollars be raised at once, and by paying that amount they would be allowed to keep the instrument, which was such a help in the musical part of the ser-

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MANAGER

Winnipeg, July 28th, 1905.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

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vice. The girls were very nice about it; they knew it to be a bad time of the year to collect, but were it ever so little it would help; they themselves had not been ashamed to give twenty-five cents each, and later they were going to get up a social.

Of course the gentlemen were but too pleased to help, though they feared it would not be so much as they would wish. And now Andy's eyes were laughing. Would it not be the crowning part of the joke to give Bill's five dollars. Bill said he could keep it. It was too good a chance to lose. Yes, he would do it just this once and then he would cease.

Bill was thinking that, all things considered, one dollar would be about the decent thing; if the other fellows gave half that amount the debt would be more than raised. He was about to make a move to produce his money, when he stopped with a gasp as he saw the graceless Andy walk deliberately to the cupboard and returning lay in the palm of the astonished Miss Barton his identical five dollars.

Andy cautiously looked up to see how Bill was taking it, but instead met the deep, earnest eyes of the girl he thoroughly respected and who touched sacred things reverently. A blush of honest shame overspread his face as he realized that she understood something of this by-play.

And Bill rose to the emergency. Making pretence of hunting in his pocket for what he knew was not there, he waited to see just what his unscrupulous partner would do, and was relieved to see he gave but one of the bills. Not having found anything in his pocket but nails, for which the ladies had not asked, he proceeded to his trunk, and though it came near, very near, the bottom of his cashbox, produced five dollars, at the same time looked squarely at Andy, saying in manner, "Well, you did not outdo me this time, you little rat."

The girls stayed a little time, in which Andy contrived to show his home photos, for being of a good stock, he wished somebody to see that if he was wicked his relations were not. He always liked to show his photos, but to-night for more reasons than one. He was right. A girl lays much value on the family a man is of. And Bill did not suffer by this move, for he had some very fine photos as well.

As the ladies rose to leave, Andy suggested that Bill go to the next farm on an errand. They would need the sledge soon, he said; was sure that ladies would give him a ride, and he could open the unruly wire gates and pilot them over the culverts if their horse was skittish. The prairie girl nearly spoiled the scheme by laughing, for their horse had long ceased to be skittish and made no move without due warning. However, Bill went.

While he was searching for his hat, which was at length discovered in the bed, where it had been hastily covered, the prairie girl made a thrust at the individual whom she plainly saw had things too much his own way.

She knew well that had an hour's notice been given, the shack would have presented a very different face, and willfully drew attention to that which the owner wished to pass unnoticed. Letting her demure gaze fall on the towel, which was but partly concealed behind the wash box, and though by sore experience she knew well a bachelor's towel, quietly remarked, "You have scrubbed lately, for your floor cloth is not put away yet;" whereupon Miss Barton, who thought, indeed, that it was the floor cloth, enlarged on the hardships of keeping a house clean, until Andy was sore pressed to make suitable reply.

Bill did not return until late that night, having escorted the girls home, but forgotten his errand.

"Did you get the sledge, Bill?" asked Andy the following morning. "No," trying to think of a possible excuse. "He was not through with it." "I suppose so," was the quiet answer, "for he brought it back last night after you left." Bill gazed a moment at the incorrigible Andy and then, because he was happy, laughed, and Andy, because

he liked to see him so, laughed too.

And well might Bill laugh, for this was but the beginning of a series of visits that did not cease until the section lost a teacher and the bachelor gained a wife.

And Andy? He is a good boy now; but with such a mother and sweetheart it must come some time.

'Twas the other day his wife said, "Andy, do you remember the time we went to your shanty collecting for the old organ? You and Will Sinklaw gave us ten dollars. What was it about that money? I know you were up to something naughty, but you never told me." Andy, with much laughing, confessed. The little woman looked him over earnestly and said, "I'm afraid, Andy, you are not very sorry about it." And he, returning the gaze, from which there was no escape, replied, "To you, little girl, and but one other I ever told the truth. I am afraid I am not."

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity, and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

I WOULD LIKE EVERY WOMAN to write for our New Styles and Samples of \$1.50 to \$12 Suits in cloth, silk, linen and lustrous; also raincoats, skirts and waists. Shirt waist suits in lawn, linen, etc., \$2.50 up. Manager **SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO.** London, Can. Best A.

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Far Superior to any other fly killers

WOOL MICA ROOFING.



Manufactured in Canada, especially to withstand the severe contraction of the frost. American paper Roofing is a failure in this respect. Fourteen years' experience has established the enduring quality of the All-Wool Mica Roofing. It is perfectly wind, water and fire proof. It is economy to use the best roofing. Please send stamps for samples and booklet.

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AGENTS FOR WESTERN CANADA.

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you will find many suitable pieces from elaborate diamond set watches and jewelry, to those of less expense.

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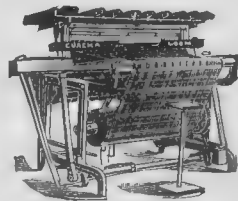
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CANCER!

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Cancer Cure, requests anyone suffering with Cancer to write him. Two days' treatment will cure any Cancer, external or internal. R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Man.

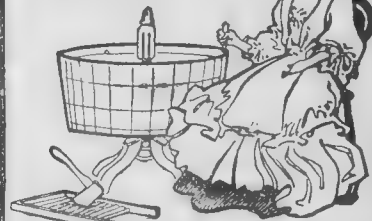


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Best carpet and rug machinery. Elegant rugs can be made from old worn out carpets. Catalogue and full information how to start a profitable business of your own, free. Write to-day and become your own employer. Eureka Weavers' Supply Co., 101 Clyde St., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Ball Bearings and strong spiral steel springs is the secret. No process as easy on the clothes or the operator.

If your dealer cannot show you the machine write us for particulars.

THE DOWSWELL MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.
Sold at \$3.50. HAMILTON, ONT.

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'Canada's Greatest Nurseries'



We offer the Largest List of Hardy, Tested varieties of Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Stock, Shrubs and Quick Growing Trees for Windbreaks, all recommended and successfully grown by the EXPERIMENTAL STATIONS at BRANDON and INDIAN HEAD.

Write now for Terms, and send 2c for our HANDY ALUMINUM POCKET MICROSCOPE, just the thing to use in examining grains and seeds, plants and trees.

Liberal Terms, Pay Weekly, Exclusive Territory.

Specially designed outfit for Western men.

Stone & Wellington, Fonthill Nurseries
Over 800 Acres
TORONTO, ONTARIO

My course at your College has secured for me a good position for which I am receiving a good remuneration. Trusting you will have a very successful year. I remain.

OUR MOTTO

The Greatest Good to
the Greatest Number

Mail Order News

OUR TESTIMONIALS

Thousands of Satisfied
Customers

Now Doing Business in Winnipeg

On July 27th, 1904, the first sod was turned on the site where now stands our Winnipeg store. On July 15th, 1905, the store was formally opened, and two days later we were doing business. In a material way the people of Winnipeg have expressed their appreciation of our coming. We promised them that we would reduce the cost of living. They have tested this statement and we do not think that they have found it idle boasting.

It is our intention to give our mail order friends also the benefit of our coming West. When they ordered goods from Toronto, much of the saving effected in price was handed over to express or railway companies. It will be different now. Charges will be very much lighter.

Where formally there were weeks of delay in receiving orders, the time in future can be counted by days. Our Mail Order Department in our Winnipeg store is so perfectly organized that every order received will be promptly and carefully filled and packed, and shipped without delay.

We realize that what induced many to send to Toronto was the fact that they had the resources of a well-stocked city store to select from. In our Winnipeg store we offer the same wonderful variety, with this difference, however, that every article is adapted to the climate of the West. There is, furthermore, the great advantage of very much cheaper transportation rates to all parts of the West. It really means a saving of the charges between Toronto and Winnipeg, to say nothing of the great saving in time.

Our first Winnipeg catalogue has been sent out. If you have not received one, it has either gone astray or you are not numbered among our customers. In either case we want to hear from you. Drop us a postcard and by return mail we will send you a catalogue, free of all charge. In it you will find much valuable information, as it contains many money-saving opportunities.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Suits



Direct from New York and Paris, have come our inspirations for the styles we are showing in Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Suits. They are the exact representations of the suits now worn, or that are soon to be worn, in the world's great centre of fashion. The Costumes are made up in every sort of materials at present in vogue, and they can be had in a wide range of prices. Here are examples:—

K7191.—Walking Suit, made of imported Vicuna, Cloth Black and Navy, coat lined throughout with Mercerette, collar and cuffs trimmed with stitched broad cloth and fancy braid, skirt finished with side pleats **\$8.00**

K6983.—Walking Suit, made of all-wool worsted granite weave cloth, colors black, navy, and green; coat is lined throughout with Silkline and finished with velvet collar; nine gore skirt finished with side pleats, **\$12.00**

K6980.—Women's Suits made of imported broad cloth, colors black, navy, and brown; front and back of coat made of inlaid straps forming slot, seams has belt effect and trimmed with buttons, lined with tamaline silk; unlined Skirt finished with pleats and is finished with buttons to match **\$20.00**

Men's and Boys' Clothing

Nearly all the Men's and Boy's Clothing we sell we make in our factory from material bought for us for cash direct from the mill. The factories are equipped with every known labor saving device. Our prices are the manufacturers' prices and demonstrate what the saving of middlemen's profits mean to the consumer. The clothing is thoroughly well made, and being designed by experts, looks well and fits well. It is backed by our guarantee—"Money refunded if not satisfied."

Here are a few samples of our prices taken promiscuously from our catalogue:—

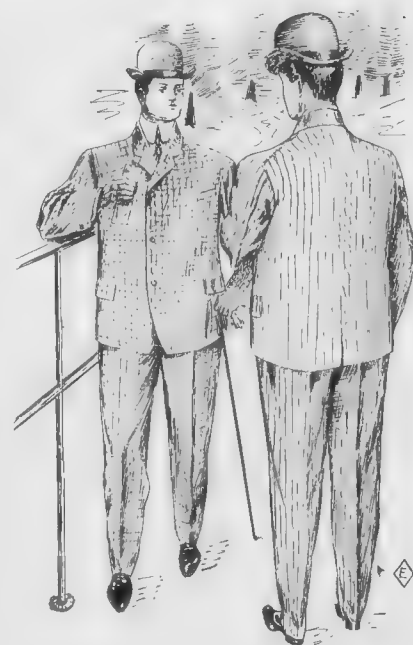
K310.—Dark domestic tweed, good weight, neat patterns, Italian lined **\$5.00**

K320.—Black and navy blue serges and clay twilled worsted in all-wool imported English materials, best linings **\$10.50**

K339.—Heavy Scotch tweeds and imported English worsted in all the newest colors of browns, olives and greys **\$15.00**

K652.—Boys' Suit, neat patterns of domestic tweed **\$3.50**

K659.—Boys' Three-Piece Suit, nobby, fancy worsted and imported Scotch tweeds **\$7.50**



ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SUITS DESCRIBED HERE WILL BE FOUND IN OUR CATALOGUE.

We make a specialty of supplying estimates for the furnishing of houses and hotels throughout. We are prepared to supply everything in the way of furnishings, from the garret to the cellar, and we can fill the larder also with groceries renowned for their purity. We handle nothing about which we are in doubt regarding the ingredients. In the East, the name of Eaton is synonymous with pure groceries, and the same will be true in the West before we are long in Winnipeg.

Everything we sell
we guarantee

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG, CANADA

Money Refunded
if not satisfied



THE PHILOSOPHER

THE BATTLE AGAINST CANCER.

THE BATTLE against cancer is commanding the sympathy of the whole world. Investigations have been made on a large scale during the past year. These investigations have not been confined to one country, but to the civilized world. The results so far arrived at are, that cancer is not associated with the peculiarities of diet, climate or mode of life. The cancer research committee is doing a noble work in this field of labor. Their reports for this year show that no line of inquiry is overlooked, no matter how unpromising. The search after fresh facts has been stimulated by the rejection during the past year of certain fallacies, which previously obscured the true problem. One result obtained shows that cancer is not transferable from one individual to another, as if it were an infectious disease. The destruction of certain preconceived ideas of the origin of cancer has cleared the way for further advance, while the number of hitherto unsuspected facts certainly give hopes of final success. The researches in the various British colonies and protectorates continue to yield information of increasing value, and prove that the investigation is truly an imperial one. Cancer is found in vegetarians, as well as those who eat fish and fowl. The Prince of Wales has become deeply interested in the work of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, and with him are associated men of eminence from all parts of the empire. The day seems to be dawning when cancer shall have disappeared.

THAT LOVE EXISTS is established beyond a peradventure; but is it necessary to marriage? Love is a sentiment. Is it a necessary adjunct to the matrimonial state? There are those who boldly proclaim that it should not be permitted to play any part in the marriage union; that marriage is a contract between two persons willing to make it; and if there be a similarity of tastes and a recognition of the duties to be performed, it is enough. The Chicago Tribune has been discussing the subject and says: "Are civilized nations reverting to the system of sale and purchase of brides and grooms? Is Cupid giving way to commercialism? Two of the most eminent anthropologists of the times—Paolo Mantegazza, the Italian, and Letourneau, the Frenchman—declare that civilization, having tried love and found it wanting in the arrangement of the marriage relation, is reverting to the system of barter and sale; that we are going back to first principles, and that but for the veneer of hypocrisy with which the people of the present time cover the arrangement, the system in America, in France, in England, and in Germany is the same as among the Kaffirs—pay the price and take the bride. These declarations, based on startling statistics showing the increasing tendency of 'settlements,' of marrying money to money, of the mating of millionaire girls to poverty-stricken noblemen, of the purchase of young and beautiful girls by decrepit multi-millionaires, are boldly made, and the writers declare that civilized man is again inaugurating the system of purchase, which, in time, may mean that the wealthiest man may buy the most beautiful girl from her parents, with her consent, she getting part of the purchase price; or that a rich woman may buy some handsome man whom she wants as her own." We trust that such a state of affairs may never be true of Canada. Love should be the forerunner of marriage. Without love marriage is a mockery. It is the union of two hearts which makes a marriage, not the words of a priest.

IS LOVE NECESSARY TO MARRIAGE?

OF ALL THE FORCES of nature, that exerted by the falling rain is perhaps the most stupendous, as it certainly is the most neglected. These are the words of a contributor to one of England's leading journals. The idea is a novel one. Except as an irrigating agent, and to fill our water-butts and wells, we make scarcely any use of a storm of rain, while dwellers in cities for the most part vote it a "horrid nuisance." And yet the motive

THE RAIN-DROP AS A MOTIVE POWER.

power latent in water falling from a height is everywhere recognized. Says the Liverpool Express: "It is probably because rain falls in single drops, and the effect produced by any one drop is infinitesimal, that so few attempts have been made to apply the principle in regard to it. Yet, just reflect what it would mean should some one some day invent a method of harnessing the water poured forth from the clouds. On a really wet day, it is not a particularly uncommon thing for an inch of rain to fall. Now, an inch of rain descending upon an area the size of the United Kingdom, weighs approximately 7,692 million tons. The energy developed by such an incalculably vast weight of water, falling perpendicularly from a height of a mile or more, would be in the aggregate even more incalculable than the weight. In fact, both are best realized through an illustration. If it were possible to remove such a day's rainfall by human agency, the necessary train of tanks, each containing ten tons of water, would be long enough to wind itself 123 times round the earth at the equator. But the motive power developed by the falling rain, if it could be intercepted and utilized, would suffice to haul one thousand such trains each a distance of one thousand miles."

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MISS TARHELL has issued her book on the above subject. Only those who have studied the voluminous evidence on the affairs of the Standard Oil Company given before the American Industrial Commission and have tried to make their way through its interminable complications and contradictions can form any idea of the task which lay before Miss Tarbell. Besides the great mass of testimony given before various investigatory bodies, she has had to study and digest a great bulk of pamphlet literature and endless columns of newspaper controversy. She has also had access to the manuscript files of the law courts in which important oil cases have been tried, and lastly, she has interviewed scores of prominent oilmen, including officers of the Standard Oil Co. itself. From this heterogeneous material she has woven together a narrative more exciting than many books of adventure, more instructive than many volumes on economics. Her conclusions are clear and outspoken and when most severe it is obvious she has no desire to be otherwise than fair to the great Trust. This is the final book on the Standard Oil Trust, and it is breathless reading—"one of the best pieces of investigation of which any economic literature can boast" the Manchester Guardian calls it. Miss Tarbell says "This huge bulk, blackened by commercial sin, has always been strong in all great business qualities, in energy, in intelligence, in dauntlessness. It has always been rich in youth as well as greed, in brains as well as unscrupulousness. If it has played its great game with contemptuous indifference to fair play and to nice legal points of view, it has played it with consummate ability, daring and address. The silent, patient, all-seeing man who has led it in its transportation raids has led it no less successfully in what may be called its legitimate work."

THE HISTORY OF THE STANRARD OIL CO.

THERE ARE MANY THINGS in which the old world is far beyond us; and the reverse is just as true. We can teach even dear old England some things about education. The Duke of Argyle, giving a civilian's impression of national defence in the nineteenth century, notes the special care taken in the physical training of youth in Sweden, Switzerland, France, Germany and Japan, and asks: "If all this is considered essential, even when the governments are sure to catch youth in the military net, why should we have so little government encouragement in Great Britain? Would it not be wise for public school boys to have a little less knowledge of the love songs of Horace and Anacreon and other theoretic mind training and be a little more 'quick at the uptake' of knowledge how best to use their limbs, enlarge their chests and have an idea how to work in unison with their fellows in military defence? Cooking, camping, marching, shooting and the practice of drill can

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

all be taught if an hour a day be given to the essential knowledge how best to defend hearth and home and the freedom on which we pride ourselves. To make men fit for war is the best way to prevent war from reaching us. Such general training would add no temptations to make war, but would give security that when "a strong man armed" comes to our house he need not hope to take away that which we have." This is all very true, but Canada has known it for a considerable time. The Duke of Argyle should witness a parade of our school children. He should see particularly our high school cadets at their physical exercises, then he would name Canada in the list of the countries which he thinks takes special pains with the physical training of their youth.

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REASONS for the defeats of the Russian army and navy are coming to us thick and fast, and the one which seems to be the chief cause is that of drunkenness. This does not seem heroic, but according to an ex-attache it is only too true. He says: "Among the lessons taught by the war in the far Orient there is none that has received a more striking demonstration than that of the immense value of sobriety in military and naval operations. Russia has in this conflict labored under many disadvantages. But it is doubtful whether there has been any that has handicapped her more heavily than the drunkenness of her soldiers, of her sailors, and more particularly of her officers. Every foreign newspaper correspondent on the Russian side, even those whose sympathies were wholly Muscovite, such as Col. von Gaedke, formerly of the German general staff and probably the foremost military writer of the present day, has drawn well nigh incredible pictures of the prevalence of this particular vice among the foes of Japan and of appalling conditions arising therefrom. It is known that the foreign officers delegated to watch the operations in Manchuria have made still more damning reports on the subject to their respective governments, creating so deep an impression that the English secretary of state for war in the course of an address the other day declared that the victories of Japan were largely due to the sobriety of her officers and men, while the Kaiser in a remarkable speech to his officers at Strasburg, and of which only garbled reports have reached the public, gave expression to much the same views and is said to have added that Russia's military and naval disasters were in a great measure attributable to the intemperance of her officers. And, although deference to Muscovite susceptibilities and consideration for a stricken neighbor have led to the issue of a sort of official denial of these references by the emperor, to the least creditable causes of Russia's defeat, yet the notorious existence of the evil justifies the belief that he gave to it his unqualified condemnation." We are sorry the war ever was fought, but if the nations learn by it the value of sobriety, it will be some compensation for the many pathetic losses.

THE GREATEST ENEMY OF RUSSIA.

WE HAVE CLUNG to the habit of meat eating with a tenacity born of age and custom. Meat has always been associated with strength, and most of us cannot quickly rid ourselves of old associations. The average man does not take kindly to a diet minus meat. But modern science knows no limitations; to it nothing is sacred—not even the "roast beef of old England." So, after a very literal examination, the verdict is that a very little meat will go a very long way. The Jap is pointed out as possessing "marvellous endurance," the result of eating one meal of meat per day. The average man who does manual labor thinks he needs a meat diet three times a day. Speaking of this the Ladies' Home Journal says: "Take the pet notion in this country that a farmer or laborer must have meat at least twice a day because of his manual work. Does the American farmer do more work than the Japanese farmer? As a matter of fact, Japanese laborers do the work in the fields that horses do for us, and yet where will you find in all Japan a farmer or his help who eats red meat more than once a day? In thousands of cases they do not even do that. The Jap is by no means a solitary example. "Go to Holland, whose farmers are perhaps the sturdiest and most long-lived peasantry in the world,—according to the most reliable statistics—and find a single man who eats red meat more than once a day, or even that. Yet your Holland farmer does not begin to have the machinery for his work as has the American farmer, and must do with his hands and back what here is done by mechanical skill." Notwithstanding this denunciation of meat, few advocate total abstinence from it. That seems to be the best diet for all classes of workers in which meat figures but once a day.

MEAT AS A DIET.

MEAT AS A DIET.

PHOSPHATED WINE OF CINCONA BARK

PREPARED BY THE REV. TRAPPIST FATHERS, AT THEIR MONASTERY, OKA, QUEBEC



THE MONASTRY OF "LA GRANDE TRAPPE" WAS FOUNDED IN 1113 AT Montagne, France. This is the Mother House of the Cistercian or Trappist Monks. Here, came a noted physician of the Faculty of Paris, who entered the monastery, known as Rev. Father Debreyne, he founded a school of medicine and devoted all his leisure time to preparing receipts to relieve the sick. In 1881, a branch of the Grande Trappe was founded in Oka, Que., and this community obtained the privilege of preparing the famous remedies discovered by Father Debreyne—especially the **PHOSPHATED WINE OF CINCONA**—the great tonic. This privilege was confirmed by a letter from the Abbot of La Grande Trappe to the Rev. Father of La Grande Trappe d'Oka, dated January 18th, 1893.

Phosphated Wine of Cincona Is The Only Wine Containing Phosphates

It supplies just what pale, thin, nervous people, and especially growing children and young girls need to build up, strengthen and invigorate the system. It is a grand tonic for young and old.

Sold by all Chemists and Grocers

Write for booklet, giving the history of the Monastery of La Grande Trappe of France, and the foundation of the order at Oka, Que. We send it to any address, FREE.

Wholesale Agents: **MOTARD, FILS & SENEAL**, Montreal, Quebec

Correspondence

Muzzle Strife Makers.

Sir—I think it is a very timely thing to invite correspondence as to what will help build up and make a sturdy community in our Great West.

We must remember that the people come from different classes, and from different countries, each of them has its own problem and its own prejudices. There have been wounds and sores in the body politic of these various countries that have caused rankling pain for, in some cases, hundreds of years. It would be unfortunate if in coming to the Northwest these were to be kept open and become a source of antagonism here as in the older land. It seems to me that anything that has been a source of sorrow and strife in home lands ought to be left behind and not harbored in any way in the new land to which we

have come. Questions of race and creed that would annoy and distract ought to be promptly tabooed, and all should seek a gospel of conciliation.—PAX.

Race Suicide.

Sir—We have had brought to our attention lately the question of maternity. One of Winnipeg's popular preachers a few nights ago in a lecture in Brandon deplored the fact that so many married women refused to become mothers. In France the government are actually offering a bonus for every baby born in wedlock, so fearful has become the decrease in the birth rate. This really is a question which calls for serious consideration. A clerical friend of mine told me he was not very long ago supplying in a church in one of the important cities of New York state and in the church were 37 married couples without any children, and 26 married couples with only one child to each home. It would appear that the real American race is dying out because of this indisposition to bear children. This is becoming a great calamity and needs to be looked at from the moral and religious side. The first

command which was enjoined on the first wedded pair was to be fruitful and multiply. The Bible again and again speaks of the blessedness of having offspring. I sincerely hope that we in the West may be free from this race suicide which is becoming such a curse among our neighbors that the president himself has to lecture the mothers in solemn convention about the matter.—WILLIAM EVANS.

Less Hot Air.

Sir—You ask what will make the West. Well, I will tell you. Less blow and more honest work. Westerners use too many high-sounding adjectives to express their thoughts. They blow about their towns, their farms, their "deals," as they call them; in fact, about everything they have come in contact with. Some people have told me that it's in the air. Well, it ought to stay there. Let's all do good, honest steady work and blow less.—A. B. RICHARDSON.

Wanted—a Wife.

Sir—Women are greatly needed in the West. In fact, she is the greatest need of the country. Why don't the ladies come out here? Plenty of fellows would settle down at once if they could find a good wife. Many young men are going to the bad, because they have no home life, no woman to keep them steady. I think the West's biggest need is woman.—MARRIAGEABLE MAN.

Size of the Provinces.

Contrasted with the area of the new provinces, which is 550,345 square miles, or approximately 275,172 square miles in each new province, the area of the seven other provinces of the Dominion are as follows:

Province.	Sq. miles.
Ontario	222,000
Quebec	347,350
Nova Scotia	29,600
New Brunswick	28,200
Manitoba	73,956
British Columbia	383,300
P. E. Island	2,000

Quebec and British Columbia are the only two provinces having a larger area than the new members of confederation, the former being greater in round numbers by 70,000 square miles and the latter by 100,000 square miles. Against this it must be noted that in British Columbia with its large area there is a vast portion of the province composed of mountains which make it uninhabitable and unsuited for agricultural pursuits, while the new provinces are composed almost entirely of rich, level plains, capable of being utilised by its inhabitants. The same comparison holds good in regard to Quebec and the new provinces.

THEY DRIVE PIMPLES AWAY.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE



Wouldn't you rather have a beautiful, pure, natural genuine complexion of your own, than a painted imitation? If so, throw away Cosmetics, and get an "AMERICAN BEAUTY" Mask. Results magical. Send four cents in stamps for pamphlet, fully explaining treatment.

VIRGIN RUBBER CO., Dept. H, Toronto, Ont.



HAIR SWITCHES

Note these Low Prices

FIRST QUALITY HAIR

ORDINARY COLORS

No better Switches advertised at any price.

In ordering send sample of hair.

- 1 1/2 oz. 20 inches - \$1.50
- 2 oz. 22 inches - 2.50
- 2 1/2 oz. 24 inches - 4.00
- Eight ringlet wave switches - 3.00
- 24 in. long natural wave - 5.00
- Natural curly pompadour from \$1.50 up

Extra charge for Gray and Peculiar Shades. Send sample for estimate. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. If desired we send on approval. If found perfectly satisfactory remit price; otherwise return once by mail. Our WIGS for men and women and TOUPÉES for men, cannot be detected from the natural hair. Stylish, comfortable, health promoters. First-class work at very reasonable prices. Our goods have been the standard for many years. FREE catalogue of Switches, Pompadours, Wigs, Bangs, Men's TOUPÉES, etc., with instructions for accurate measurement of Wigs and Toupees. Write To-day. Hundreds of testimonials.

NEW YORK HAIR STORE

SEAMAN & PETERSON

1 Y.M.C.A. Building 276 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

SMOKE

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TOBACCO

10¢ PER PLUG

A COOL AND LASTING SMOKE

Ena's Love Story

Written specially for
The Western
Home Monthly

It certainly was most annoying that on this particular evening the cows should take it into their heads to be so unruly and obstinate. Even "Mayflower," Ena's pet red and white heifer, refused to come at her young mistress' call, but insisted upon car-eering wildly about the prairie with the others.

Mosquitoes were not sufficient reason for such bad behavior, she told them, wrath-fully, and bit her lip vexedly to think that their new neighbor, the young Englishman, should be a witness of her humiliation.

She cracked her whip and dodged them cleverly with her pony, but they still eluded her. She was about to gallop home, vexed and disgusted, to send her father or brothers to the rescue, when the young man, with a smart flank movement, gathered the beasts together and trotted them in front of her. Rather proud of his achievement, he took off his hat and smiled frankly up into her face.

"Miss Currie, I am sure? I have met your father several times. I am your new neighbor, Stanley Norton. I hope the cattle will not give you further trouble—shall I drive them home for you?"

room, the table, and the supper itself, but daintiest and sweetest of all was Ena Currie.

That evening was an instructive as well as a pleasant one, Mr. Currie giving the young Englishman his valuable advice and the benefit of his long experience in Cana-dian farming. He and his sons cordially offered their assistance when he intended building his house and stables. In return, Mr. Norton gave them a brief outline of his reason for trying his luck at farming in Canada.

"I come of a good family, but am poor, that is, I am too poor to live in the set and style in which I was brought up and educated," he added, with a grim little smile. "I got tired of living on nothing and doing nothing, and so I thought I would come out here and try and make my fortune."

He laughed as he spoke, in which they joined.

"And when you have succeeded you will go back to the old country and marry some fine lady," Mrs. Currie remarked.

He started perceptibly, crying hastily, "Oh! no!"

He colored, meeting their surprised looks,



Beside the Still Waters.

She blushed prettily, and met his admir-ing gaze shyly.

"So much obliged," she said. "Perhaps you will come home and have some supper with us. Mother and father will be delighted, I am sure."

He accepted the invitation with alacrity, and they rode home slowly side by side.

They had many rides together in the happy days that followed, but they never forgot that first one. The golden summer evening, with the many scents of flowers and shrubs and the song of the birds. The beautifully rolling prairie land, the herd of fine cattle in front of them, and above all—so thought Stanley Norton—the pretty girl by his side. He had seen many beautiful women in his time, so many that he had grown critical. This little Canadian maiden, with her daint-ly poised head, her clear brown skin and velvety dark eyes, appealed to his beauty-loving nature, as all the lovely women he had met in London drawing-rooms had never done. In her white dress, with a bunch of prairie roses at her breast, she looked the personification of girlish grace and beauty. No wonder he experienced a thrill of pleas-ure whenever he looked at her.

Mr. and Mrs. Currie greeted him with true Canadian hospitality, and their two stalwart sons readily "chummed" up with him.

He had grown very tired of his own com-pany in his shack, so that he fully appre-ciated his first meal in a Canadian house-hold. It was all novel and strange to him, and yet homelike, and he soon felt as if he had known that kind family all his life.

Everything was so daintily arranged—the

then quietly explained—

"I was engaged to a young society lady in England, but—I was not wealthy enough for her, so she threw me over. She is to be married shortly to the eldest son of one of our wealthiest peers."

He had paled a little during this recital, and his eyes sought Ena's face. He was amused, yet pleased, to see that it was white and tremulous with anger, and that her eyes were flashing indignantly.

"She deserves to be miserable for the rest of her life," she declared, hotly.

"Ena! Ena!" cried Mrs. Currie, reproving-ly, yet smiling, whilst her father laughed indulgently.

After supper, music was suggested, and Ena and her brothers sang coon songs to the piano and banjo.

Stanley Norton had shuddered inwardly when they were mentioned; he had lively recollections of coon songs sung in London drawing-rooms—they were always associated with skirt-dancing and mediocre re-itations, all of which he loathed. But he had never heard them sung as they were that even-ing, and in all the pleasant evenings that followed, he was always the first to suggest coon songs. It was very pleasant to sit in the gathering twilight listening to the voices blending harmoniously. Outside the mosquitoes hummed and he fire-flies darted in and out of the perfumed gloaming.

England seemed very far away that night, and for the first time since his arrival in Canada he did not regret it. For a moment there flashed across his mental vision, a proud, beautiful face, crowned with gleam-ing golden hair, and cold blue eyes that

looked serenely out into the world. He dis-missed it immediately, and found how easy it really was to do so. It was a relief to turn to Ena's sweet, dark beauty, and he was a happier man that night when he went home to his lonely shack than he had been for many weary months.

The weeks slipped by so quickly that Stanley Norton scarcely knew how they went. In England the days dragged with him; here, they were never long enough. He had plenty to do on his land and the evenings were usually spent with the Cur-rie's, riding or driving with Ena, and music and coffee afterwards.

It was a dangerously sweet time for both. Ena was gloriously happy, but did not dare to stop to analyze that happiness.

Mr. Norton had no such scruples. It did not take him long to discover that he loved his pretty little neighbor with a truer, purer love than he had ever felt for the English girl who had played him false.

But a cloud crept up over their summer sky in the shape of a letter for him from the old country. He took it up the same evening to the Currie's, his face grave and thoughtful.

"I got a chance, as he hoped, to speak to Mr. Currie alone for a few moments.

"I have received a letter to-day from my solicitors which will compel me to leave for England as soon as I can."

He spoke quietly, and noticed that the farmer's face grew anxious.

"I have news of my uncle, Sir Philip Nor-ton's, death which occurred quite suddenly a few weeks ago. I am his heir, unfortu-nately, so I am obliged to go home for a time."

His one thought was "Ena! poor little Ena; what will she do?"

"If I am not back before harvest," the young man went on, quietly, "I wonder if you will kindly look after my little crop for me?"

Mr. Currie had brightened up, and re-plied warmly—

"I will do all in my power. I guess you will come back to sell out, Sir Stanley?"

The young man winced, then smiled, as his friend brought out the title hesitatingly.

"Please do not," he begged. "I have no wish to be reminded that I am a wealthy English baronet. I would rather be a Cana-dian farmer."

Mr. Currie laughed, well pleased, and the young man went on earnestly—

"I shall come back, but not to sell out, sir. I have the means now to improve it, and I will make it one of the prettiest places in the Northwest. But, before I leave, I want to know, Mr. Currie, if you will allow me to ask your daughter to be my wife. I love her dearly, and I will do my best to make her happy."

The good farmer was silent for a space, relieved yet troubled. Relieved to find that his pretty daughter had not thrown away her love on a man she might never see again; troubled to think that marriage with an English baronet must mean separation for them. It was only for a moment. Put-ting all selfish thoughts on one side, he replied—

"You have my permission and best wishes; go and ask her."

He could say no more, but guessing the cause of his emotion, Sir Stanley caught his hand and wrung it warmly.

"Many thanks!" he said. "Do not fear. If Ena consents to marry me, I promise you that we will spend three or four months out of every year with you. I love Canada myself," he added, warmly, "and I have no intention of giving up my home here."

He stayed for supper that evening, and toward the close of the meal Mr. Currie, who was in the best of spirits and brimful of the news, rose to his feet and proposed the health of Sir Stanley Norton. Explana-tions followed, and congratulations, but Mrs. Currie looked anxiously at her daugh-ter. The girl sat white and still, all her merry fun and chatter silenced, and pre-sently she slipped away. Poor Mrs. Currie, looking very worried, was about to follow her, when Sir Stanley went up to her and took her hand.

"I will go to her. I have a question to ask her. Will you wish me luck?"

And the dear little woman did so, with happy tears in her eyes.

He found Ena by the river, in the place where they had often sat fishing and talking.

She was lying upon her face, sobs shaking her slender form.

"Ena! Ena!" he chided, taking her to his breast; "no more tears, beloved."

There were a few more, however, but happy ones, and with her sweet face hidden she answered his question and gave him the promise he desired.

They were married quietly when he re-turned a few months later, and it was decided that they should spend their honey-moon and the winter in England at their new home, Norton Court. Ena was pre-sented the following spring, and was de-clared to be the prettiest of the young brides that season. Her photographs were in all the windows and illustrated papers, and she was known in London society as "that beautiful little Canadian, Lady Norton."

They returned to Canada, however, at the end of the London season and spent the summer months in their pretty home, which Mr. Currie had made as pleasant and con-venient as love and money could make it.

As the years went by, Ena grew to love her stately English home, but it never took the same place in her heart as her old home in Northwest Canada.

Deer in Southern Alaska.

Perhaps there is no place in the world where deer are more plentiful at the present time than in the great archipelago which stretches for hundreds of miles along the coast of southeastern Alaska, notwith-standing the fact that vast numbers are annually killed merely for their hides. This

practice it seems impossible to stop, since with us here the law is much as it is with the Siberians where "God is high above and the Czar is very distant." In fact this part of the Territory is somewhat ignored by the government at Sitka and the "strong arm of the law" is quite in ridicule. But I am to write of deer, not of governments.—Field and Stream.

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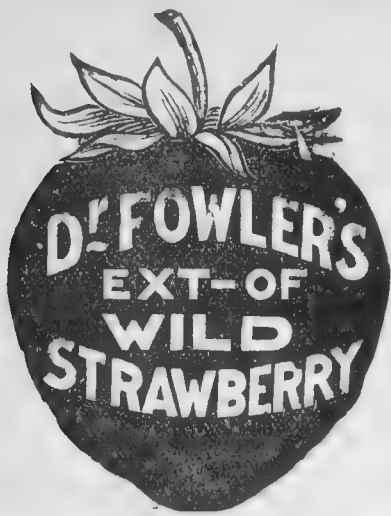
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What to Wear and when to wear it

I wrote so much about GIRDLES. these last month that it seems foolish to touch them again, but I cannot forbear describing a late fad that is within the means of any girl quick with her needle. This is a belt of white butchers' linen, four inches deep in the back and graduated to a narrow buckle in front. From this belt straps of the linen go over the shoulders, fastening to the belt about three inches apart at the back and on each side of the buckle in front. These straps are three inches wide at the shoulder and taper to an inch and a half at the belt, and are caught together just below the shoulder blades at the back, and just below the bust in front, by an inch-wide cross piece. All of these straps are embroidered with heavy linen floss and decorated with small pearl buttons. They are to be worn with either white or dark blue or green wash gowns and give an added touch of smartness to the get-up. The same style of thing made in lace is worn over silk shirtwaists, the belts in this case being lined with the silk. These are nice little novelties that brighten up the frocks, as it gets toward the end of the season.

Another little toilet LACE TIES. accessory that the clever girl may make for herself is a lace scarf; these are half a yard wide and three yards long. Get a good piece of Brussels net and do it in a very open pattern of eyelet embroidery all over the net. The ends should be cut in two deep scallops and edged with pleated frills of the net about four inches deep and embroidered to match, the edge being button-hole stitched with heavy dull floss. These scarfs are worn in a variety of ways, but the latest is to draw them square across the shoulders and gather them close just in front of each shoulder, securing with a fancy pin and allowing the long ends to fall to the knees. Worn in this way, over a very plain gown they give a very smart touch. Narrow ties, say two-eighths wide, are made in the same way for the neck and are worn passed from front to back, crossed and caught in front with a lace pin. I cannot say that this style of neck decoration is either neat or generally becoming, but it has the merit of being cool.

Among the fancy jackets VELVET for fall are boleros or JACKETS. etons of velvet, black, deep crimson, brown, green or blue. These are made with elbow sleeves only and with a cuff of the velvet turning back over the sleeve. These little jackets are lined with silk and very daintily finished and are worn over either silk or stuff gowns that have sleeves fitting tight at the wrist. It really takes very little velvet to make one; three and a half yards of the ordinary silk velvet would be sufficient, and they give just the additional warmth necessary for early fall days, and are very becoming.

There will be a general PRINCESS return to the graceful princess gown for the fall, and already a number of these garments are shown. The patterns indicate that they will be very close about the hips but cut to fall very full about the feet. Many of these gowns are to be made of velvet and other rich materials, but there is one model that gave me a suggestion for making one new gown out of two old ones. This was a short princess dress, called a princess redingote, coming within about 10 inches of the bottom of the skirt, open up the front and with rounded corners. This is to be worn over a skirt of contrasting colors, and in this way would be a

style that readily lends itself to the remodelling of old gowns.

Plaids are going to be very PLAIDS. popular this year and are shown for shirt waists in the mohairs and lustres, and in silks. There has been an effort on the part of modistes to do away with the blouse, but so far without avail; they come now in the guise of "separate waists" and are more fitted and cut on the lines of the ordinary dress waists. But they still may be made of any material or color and are to be worn with colored skirts. There is no doubt that the black skirt and light or white waist is a thing of the past, so far as the woman who wishes to



Maple Creek Boys and Girls who Performed the Louis XIV. Minuet.

be considered in style is concerned, but will nevertheless remain popular with women who like comfort and economy more than mere style. The "separate" waist is a more dressy garment than the blouse and looks best made of silk, velvet or fancy plaid and worn with a skirt of neutral tint, the light greys and dull greens having a great vogue for this purpose. Not many people in the country homes are making frocks in August and by another month I will have seen all the new dress goods and the coats and will be able to tell you something about them.

Lots of women would like to stay at home and look after the children and the house, but if they did their friends would say their husbands were brutes.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.—Among the many good qualities which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

The Toilet.

The following course of treatment will work wonders. It is said, with a wrinkled throat and flabby chin, if persisted in faithfully: First wash the chin and throat in cold cream, and starting with the left hand under the right ear, draw it briskly but firmly from ear to chin. Then take the right hand and repeat the movement from the left side. The pressure from chin to ear should be light, but under the chin the pressure should be firm. Ten minutes of this exercise should be followed by a douche of cold water, to which has been added a little stringent fluid, either a toilet water or tincture of benzoine.

Working Hours on the Farm.

For some reason the working hours on the majority of farms are irregular. Would it not pay to have systematic hours on the farm as in other occupations? It seems reasonable that it would be more advantageous to have some rule to conform to in regard to beginning and quitting work. Some good farmers claim that more work is accomplished by adhering to regular hours. It certainly is the most satisfactory method in all other lines of business. It tends to systematize work, creating order and regularity in performing the farm work. Of course at certain times of the year and in special cases farm work is of such a nature that rules cannot be slavishly adhered to;

but on the whole more work could be accomplished with better results by following regular hours.

A Handsome Picture Given Free.

A handsome colored picture entitled "Parfait Bonheur," depicting a fishing scene, will be mailed free to any reader of The Western Home Monthly, if when writing they mention The Western Home Monthly and send three cents in stamps to Boivin, Wilson & Co., Montreal. The picture is a very nice one and is well worth framing.

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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE

MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

The Month's Bright Sayings

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.

It is not always those who shout the loudest who are the best friends; and I claim for the party to which I belong, that we are every whit as proud of the empire and as devoted to the empire as any political organization within the four seas.

President George.

It is our intention to make in Canada everything we can advantageously produce, and to make it as well as in any part of the world.

Charivaria.

The memory of Japan's great sea light will not soon be allowed to die. A Yarmouth barge has been christened Togo.

Hospital.

With regard to waste, which lies at the foundation of poverty, the working classes of this country have exalted it into a principle of action. An English servant as a rule wastes as much of her employer's substance as possible.

Medical Press.

We are able to breed fast race horses because we want fast race horses; but the difficulty is that we do not know what ideal of man we should aim at.

Industrial Canada.

A United States orator once facetiously remarked that his country had the greatest navy in the world. Said he: "We have more water than anybody else, and all we need is a few ships."

Lord Lansdowne.

At the present moment the president of the United States stands first and foremost amongst the public men of the world as the great advocate and apostle of peace.

Robt. J. Burdette.

The people who try to rest are always tired. Resting is the hardest work in the world, when you make a work of it.

Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P.

Unemployment is the root of all evil.

Liverpool Express.

A golfer was observed to smite the ball with peculiar fury. His opponent noticed that there was something on the ball. "What is it?" he asked. "It's a portrait of my mother-in-law," was the answer, accompanied with a mighty hit, "and it does me good to strike it like that."

T. McDonald Rendle.

A public dinner is merely an ingenious attempt to make a man's stomach over-ride his intelligence.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

We have kindled a torch which not all the puny efforts of all our opponents can extinguish. We have raised an issue of no ordinary importance, and when I look around upon this vast assembly, when I think it is representative of every interest, of every class, and of every district in the country, I find it difficult to believe we are here to perform the obsequies of a dying cause.

W. R. Hearst.

In America don't steal a tooth-brush and don't beg for pennies. Steal three millions, rob the families of the friends that trust you, be a respectable thief and a big one—that's the way to keep out of jail.

Cardinal Gibbons.

A woman should be satisfied with her feminine privileges and not demand the rights of men.

Chicago Tribune.

Foreman—"How do you vote—to convict or to acquit?"

Juror Gilligan—"How's that felly wid th' R-roman nose an' curly hair votin'?"

Foreman—"Guilty."

Juror Gilligan—"Then I vote 'not guilty,' be gobs!"

Geo. T. Angell.

While we have seen the number of bears killed by the dogs and the presidential party, we have not seen how many of the dogs were killed and wounded by the bears.

Toronto News.

Rev. J. E. Starr has been left without a station at his own request. He evidently prefers to be a wandering star.

A SENSIBLE GRANDFAHER

The man who possesses foresight wins a modicum of immortality among his descendants.

A prominent pianist said the other day: "I owe a good deal of my success to my grandfather. Forty years ago he bought a grand piano made by one of the best firms in America. It descended to me, and is still as good as on the day it was bought. I never play the third movement of Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor without rejoicing in the richness and resonance of the tone, and having an overpowering desire to shake hands with my discerning ancestor." It is not everyone who realizes that the purchase of a piano is one means of gaining a minor variety of immortality. The question for the buyer is not alone, "How does it sound to-day?" but "How will it sound in 1940?" Will it have the brain-racking tintinnabulations of the wash boiler, or the sonority and resonance of a good piano of that period? The only way to settle this question is to find out about the construction of the instrument in question. Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto, are winning a reputation among critical people because of the varied beauties of the Gourlay piano. It is an instrument of exceptional richness of tone, musical in its lowest bass and sweet in its highest treble. Moreover, it is built with a view to the future. Every stick of timber, every piece of steel, every string, every bit of ivory are the best obtainable. No money has been spared to secure the very choicest materials, and to piano-build them in the best possible manner. Each of the nine departments is under the care of an expert craftsman, who looks upon his work as a labor of love, and therefore, it is no wonder that the Gourlay is regarded by cognoscenti as the ideal of Canadian piano-making. Another point: the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming are making a reputation. It is to their advantage to turn out the best possible instrument, for a good article is the best advertisement. They cannot depend on the achievements of thirty years ago to sell an inferior instrument to-day. All their products must be high-grade.



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(Signed)

JOHN BARRON,
Carberry, Man.

April 20th

WEAK MEN

I Can Give You Strength.



Are you a weak man? Are you nervous, fretful and gloomy? Is your sleep broken? Have you pains and aches in different parts of your body? Is your back weak and painful? Have you lost the vigor of youth? Is your vital power growing less? Are you rheumatic and gouty. Have you varicose? These are all the results of wasted vital force.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt builds up broken-down men, restores youth and manhood, and makes men look and feel strong. It will cure every case of rheumatism, weak stomach, kidney and liver troubles, lame back, sciatica, and every evidence of weakness in men and women. It will not fail—it cannot fail, as it infuses into the weakened nerves the force of life and strength.

The first thought that strikes almost every man when he is confronted with a remedy that he thinks may do him good is, Will the benefits I receive be only temporary or will they be permanent? Such men I would ask to read what some of my patients say:—

Dr. McLaughlin:—Dear Sir,—I have worn your Belt for thirty nights, and it has taken the rheumatism out of my hip.
Vankleek Hill, Ont., April 27, 1905.
Yours truly, J. D. REASBACK.

Dr. McLaughlin:—Dear Sir,—I am proud to be able to inform you that your Belt has done me a great deal of good, and I feel all right now, and am well satisfied with the investment.
Steeleton, Algoma District, Ont., June 5, 1905.
Yours truly, WM. ZINKK.

Dr. McLaughlin:—Dear Sir,—I have found your Belt to be all that is claimed for it, and it is not my intention to ever be without one if I can help it, as I consider it a boon to humanity.
Winnipeg, Man., May 4, 1905.
Yours respectfully, H. ELIOTT, 795 Main street.

Dr. McLaughlin:—Dear Sir,—I received the Belt a month ago, and am well pleased with it, as it has helped me wonderfully. I am stronger than I have been for a long time.
Raymond, Alta., June 14, 1905.
I remain, Yours truly, MRS. MAGGIE HANSEN.

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Editor Western Home Monthly—

To those of us who came to the West in the early eighties and have watched the development of the unbroken prairie into the thriving agricultural settlement and have followed the varied fortunes both of the pioneer farmer and merchant, the growth of this portion of Canada is fraught with profound interest.

In the experimental stage of western development, many failures were encountered—failures which discouraged the weak but which made more determined others who could foresee the

pioneers, there is no reason why they too should not succeed. Then the establishment and development of municipal institutions is very important. Avoid mistakes in this line in the older Canadian provinces and allow the resources of the people to be expended in the line most important to them—viz.: the establishment of roads to market their produce. In this the government must assist by substantial assistance in opening main roads and building bridges beyond the resources of the municipal or local improvement districts.

Most important of all is the question of transportation to the seaboard and in (to me) the opening up of the Hudson's Bay route is one of the greatest questions to be solved by those who may direct the destinies of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.—G. H. V. Bulyea, Regina.

Editor of Western Home Monthly—

What Western Canada primarily needs is population and without population its million unoccupied farms, its millions of acres of splendid grazing land, and its unmeasured supplies of timber, coal, oil and gas are practically valueless; but their potential value is limited only by the enterprise and energy of man, and capital is desirable as an agency in development, but the miracle has been here repeated in thousands of cases of a man beginning without capital and growing in a few years into a position of plenty and even opulence, and with population the capital needed can be produced or loaned to provide the means for the speedy and uniform development of the West; without population, development of any kind is manifestly impossible.—Jno. Howey, Edmonton

Press and Parliament.

Parliament and the Press act and react upon one another. They are feeble or strong together, and, without saying which leads, neither can be energetic when the other is ineffective. Contemporary Review.

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The housekeeper who knows that her home can be entirely rid of flies and no dead ones left lying about should be happy indeed during the hot summer months. Wilson's Fly Pads kill them all, and do it quickly.



C. H. V. Bulyea.

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The age of experiment is now, however, happily passed. We are receiving, on the whole, a good class of settlers, many of whom, coming from the prairies of the western states, have already learned by experience how to wrest wealth from soil similar to ours. There are many, however, who are lured hither from urban homes by stories of free farms and forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and they hope and expect early independence. These should be advised and encouraged, and if they are not easily discouraged and are willing to profit by what they can see on the experimental farms established by the government (and there should be more of them), and around the homes of the successful

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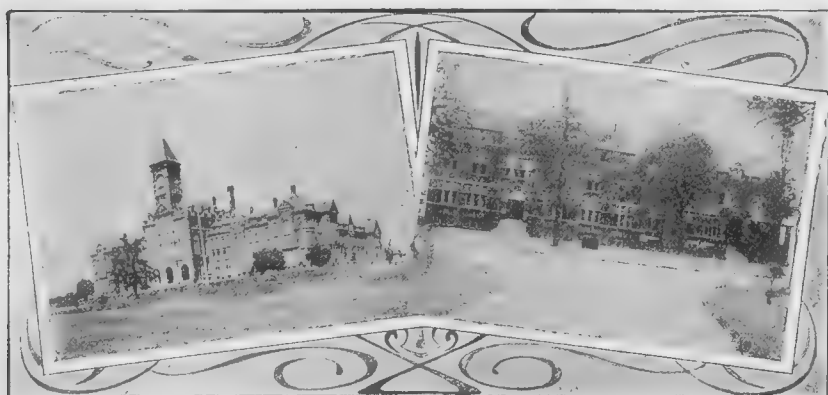
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Term commences September 12th, 1905. Examinations for entrance scholarships Saturday, September 16th, 1905.

Successes last year: 4 University scholarships; 12 first-class honors; 34 passes; 7 passes into Royal Military College, including first place.

For calendar and all other information, address

THE BURSAR, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.



The Mower.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

6281—Ladies' Shirt Waist Suit.

No. 6280-6281.—Whole chapters might be written about the perfection of the shirt waist suit which for summer wear has almost replaced the skirt and coat suits. Its chief recommendation is comfort and economy. The suit is worn by both rich and poor alike—upon almost any occasion, and may be constructed of any material from the softest mull to the stiffest linen, the only requirements to fulfil the title being an unlined waist and a skirt of round or walking length. The old time tailored flare skirt which we called a part of a shirt waist costume, has become quite passe, helped on its way by the little tissue paper pattern which carries the newest styles to the home sewer and successfully lends its help in the construction of pretty gowns, wherever one may live.



In the model shown here the blouse is finished with a pleated waist coat or vest over which the tab ends of the fronts are attractively arranged. Pleats at the shoulder afford fullness for a nice easy blouse. The sleeve is in leg-o'-mutton style with tucks in the lower edge, and tucks of fanciful shaping gives a pretty finish. The skirt is in seven gore style with front gore pleated and with tabs on the side gores holding the pleats in position. These tabs on the front edge of each gore mean very little in the making of the skirt, but add a great deal to its smart appearance. The model is a good one to follow in constructing a suit of any kind of material either in cottons or silk. With such a design one is independent of expensive trimmings, for by piping the edges having the rounded tabs the effect is just as pleasing in a blue linen piped with white as of a handsome Rajah silk—which, by the way, is quite the newest and smartest silk of the season.

Sizes: 6280, 32 to 42 bust measure; 6281, 20 to 30 waist measure. Price 15c. each.

4656—Child's French Dress.

No. 4656.—A thoroughly practical warm weather frock for a little girl will be found in the design published here. The little French dresses are always becoming and especially so when made of thin summer materials. The full round blouse is fitted to a shallow yoke, which is covered by the pointed collar. The full gathered skirt is attached to a narrow belt over which the little maiden may wear a sash on "state occasions." The dress



may be worn with a guirpe if desired, but for summer wear it well illustrates how cleverly comfort and style may be combined in the making of children's frocks. Dainty, lawn, gingham, China silk, challie or cashmere may be employed in the making.

Sizes 3 to 9 years. Price 15c.

4651—Little Boy's Suit.

No. 4651.—Once again it is time to begin the sewing for the children. Little boys' fashions show and promise no striking deviation from those they have been wearing. Pleated modes are always liked, for they are generally practical and becoming. The model



shown here is no exception. The front is in double-breasted style, opening over a shield in square outline. At either side of the front is a rather broad box pleat extending to shoulder. The back is plain, and the sleeve and bloomers are the regulation style. Pique, madras, galatea, serge or any of the wash materials usually employed in the making of the little man's clothes could be used for this design.

Sizes 2 to 6 years. Price 15c.

The guinea received its name because the gold with which it was first coined, in the reign of Charles II., was brought from Guinea, and bore the impression of an elephant.



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"Forgotten—me! Sir."

"What about my cold roast beef?"

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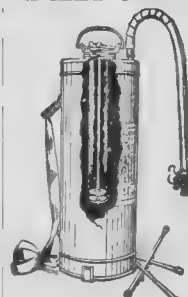
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ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

This design would make a very pleasing cottage. It can be built entirely modern, having a full basement with cement floor, cistern and furnace, or it might be built on posts with a cellar of about 12 ft. x 12 ft. with plank walls and sides. The attic on the plan is left clear and could be divided with partitions made of sheathing, or if used for summer only curtains on iron rods hung from the roof might be substituted. The inside finish is cedar, painted three coats. The dining room is pleasant and well lighted, having a fire-place in one corner, the flue being used for kitchen range as well as for fire-place. The foundations of fire-place had better be below the frost line. In the winter the entire porch might be covered in, and if sufficiently heated make a convenient room for plants. The exterior is of shingles, and field stone basement. The shingles on the roof stained a dull red with the sides a silver gray, and with stone base should prove a very attractive cottage. All the finish is of stock sizes and moulds. The lumber:—Joists, 2 in. x 10 in. at 16 in. centres; rafters, 2 in. x 4 in. at 16 in. centres; studs, 2 in. x 4 in. at 16 in. centres; sheathed and papered both

A Handsome Picture Given Free.

A handsome colored picture entitled "Parfait Bonheur," depicting a fishing scene, will be mailed free to any reader of The Western Home Monthly, if when writing they will mention The Western Home Monthly and send three cents in stamps to Boivin, Wilson & Co., Montreal. The picture is a very nice one and is well worth framing.

It is seldom that such a generous offer is made readers of any publication and our readers would do well to avail themselves of the offer without delay as it may be withdrawn at any time.

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— 000 —

Write for Catalogue.

The Hingston Smith Arms Co., of Winnipeg, has just issued a handsome illustrated catalogue which will be mailed free to anyone upon request for same. Guns, rifles, ammunition or fall sporting goods are vividly por-

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Swiss Muslin Apron—No. 28

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Heavy blue and white checked gingham, 38 inches, guaranteed fast colors. Free for 25 Blue Ribbon Coupons, or for 10 Coupons and 15c. Postage 3c.

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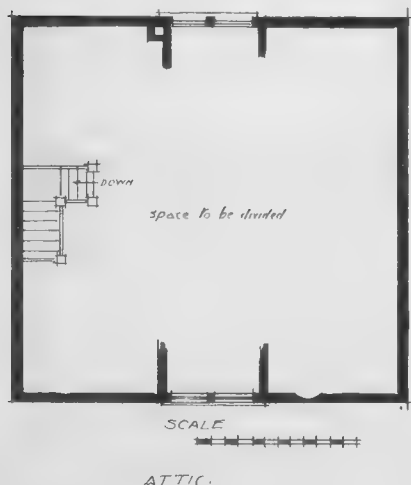
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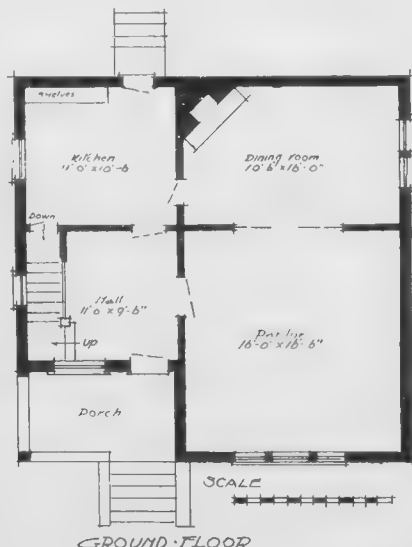
sides, outside shingled; inside strapped and lathed and plastered. Outside shingles to be mitred on corners and to be cut in around casings.

trayed therein and the book contains a fund of useful information.

When writing them ask for Gun Catalogue No. 36, and mention The



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To Keep Young.

Expect a good, long, useful life. Refrain from all kinds of stimulants and sedatives; they will shorten your life.

Keep in the sunlight; nothing beautiful or sweet grows or ripens in the darkness.

One of the best preventives of age is enthusiasm and interest in affairs of the day.

Nature is the great rejuvenator; her spirit is very young. Live with her; study her; love her.

Avoid excess of all kinds; they are injurious. The long life must be a temperate, regular life.

Don't allow yourself to think on your birthday that you are a year older, and so much nearer the end.

Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything; a sunny thought drives away the shadows.

Associate a great deal with young people; take a lively interest in their hopes and ambitions, and enter into their sports with enthusiasm.

Avoid fear in all its varied forms of expression; it is the greatest enemy of the human race.

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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Steak With Tomato.

This is a good way of cooking a cheap cut of steak. It is nicest cooked in a casserole in the oven, but, as that is very expensive when one has a gas stove, we do it usually in a tightly covered frying pan on top of the stove. One pound round steak, three-quarters can of tomato, one small onion, salt, red and black pepper to taste, one-half bay leaf. Put all together in a frying pan or casserole and cook slowly three hours. Cooking fast absolutely spoils it.

Veal a la Jardiniere.

Lard with strips of fat salt pork, and sprinkle with paprika. Dredge with flour and lay on the grating of a covered roaster; add enough boiling water to cover it barely, and roast for an hour, basting with the gravy every ten or fifteen minutes. Then turn on the other side and spread over the roast a pint of tomatoes peeled and sliced, two onions chopped fine, and two sprigs of parsley chopped fine, and two peppers. Baste for another hour every ten minutes. When the meat is removed keep hot while you take up the vegetables with a split spoon, and keep them hot also. Strain the gravy, thicken with browned flour, and put into a boat. Lay the vegetables about the meat upon a metal or fireproof dish, dredge this with browned crumbs, and dot with softened butter. Set upon the top grating of the oven five minutes to brown and bring to the table in the dish.

Fried Chicken.

For the fried chicken, select a young, fat chicken, wring its neck, scald, pick and clean as rapidly as possible. Cut in pieces, plunge in cold water, then flour thickly. Have ready a frying pan, half full of hot lard. Fry in this until brown. Add one-half cup of water to the fat in the pan and thicken for gravy. Do not attempt this recipe with market poultry already killed, for it will not be successful.

Potato Soup.

Boil and mash six potatoes, season with one-fourth pound of butter, pepper and salt, and a dish of nutmeg. Add one quart of hot milk slowly, stir well and let it boil up, then strain through a sieve into the tureen. Rub the tureen with a tiny segment of garlic, or onion, if preferred, and beat an egg in it before turning in the soup. Serve with toast squares.

Escalloped Potatoes.

Pare and slice thin, potatoes enough to fill medium-sized pudding dish, cover with cold water and let stand three or four hours. Drain and dry on a linen cloth; grease the dish and add alternate layers of potatoes and cracker crumbs, butter, pepper, salt, and a little sugar; then pour in one pint of milk and bake. Cover the dish one hour, then open it and brown daintily.

German Potato Cakes.

Pare and grate six large potatoes, add two eggs, one pint of milk, pepper, salt, and a tablespoon of sugar, one-half pint flour and one teaspoon baking powder; drop the batter by the spoonful on a hot greased griddle as for pancakes. Serve hot with butter and salt, or with stewed fruit.

Irish Potato Cake.

To one cup of mashed potatoes, seasoned with butter and salt, add one-half cup of milk, and one and one-half cups of flour; beat lightly, add one teaspoon of caraway seeds. Roll into a round cake one inch thick and bake in buttered frying pan, covered, on top of the range. Bake brown, cut into four quarters and serve hot, with butter and salt.

Spice Cake.

Cream one cup of sugar and half a cup of butter. Add one cup of sour milk, two cups of flour sifted together with one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cinnamon, half a teaspoon of cloves and some nutmeg. Last of all add a cup of flour raisins. Bake in a steady oven—preferably in a long, narrow, deep tin.

Doughnuts.

One cup of sugar, nutmeg to taste, a spoon of salt, half a cup of sour cream, a cup and a half of sweet milk, two tablespoons of melted butter, half a teaspoon of soda and a teaspoon and a half of baking powder. Flour to roll. Fry in hot fat.

Orange Trifle.

Peel and quarter three large sweet oranges, removing the seed; heat in a granite saucepan two cups of thin cream, sweetened with a heaping tablespoonful of sugar, and when just at the boiling point stir in a scant tablespoon of cornstarch moistened with a very little cold water; allow this to boil for a moment and add a teaspoon of butter, a few drops of lemon juice and a tiny pinch of cinnamon. Arrange in the bottom of an ornamental baking dish a layer of oranges; sprinkle with powdered sugar and grated coconut; pour over this a layer of the cornstarch custard and continue in alternate layers until the dish is nearly filled; place in a moderate oven and bake slowly for thirty minutes. Cover when cooked with a meringue made from the whites of two eggs beaten with a tablespoon of confectioner's sugar, returning to the oven to brown slightly. Decorate with quarters of glace orange.

Orange Washington Pie.

Cream together half a cup of butter and one cup of powdered sugar, adding when very light the grated rind and juice of one orange and one well beaten egg; then stir in alternating half a cup of milk and a heaping cup of flour sifted with scant teaspoon of baking powder. Bake in two layer cake pans in a quick oven for fifteen minutes. For

the filling heat a small cup of cream, add a tablespoon of gelatine that has been soaked in a tablespoon of cold water for five minutes, stir until the gelatine is dissolved, sweeten with a dessertspoon of sugar and flavor with the juice of one orange; strain this into a bowl placed in ice water and whip with a Dover egg-beater to a froth, adding when quite stiff a cup of whipped cream and a half cup of finely chopped hickory nuts; spread this between the layers, heaping in a small pyramid on top, and serve immediately resting on a lace paper doily; this same dessert is excellent baked in tiny individual pans, and forms a very ornamental course for a formal luncheon.

Prune Almond Filling.

For a layer cake this is made by adding cut up prunes and chopped almonds that have been previously blanched to a soft sugar frosting or filling.

ORANGE DESSERTS.

Orange Omelet.

Four eggs, five tablespoons sugar, a little salt, two oranges, two tablespoons butter. Grate rind one orange on one tablespoon sugar. Pare and cut oranges in thin slices, and sprinkle with two tablespoons sugar. Beat whites of eggs stiff, add the sugar and orange rind, salt, beaten yolks, and two tablespoons orange juice. Put butter in a hot omelet pan, pour in the mixtures. When it begins to thicken well spread over the sliced oranges, no juice. Fold omelet from side of the pan over the sliced oranges, turn on hot dish, put in the oven two minutes, and serve at once.

Orange Pie.

Three eggs, three-fourths cup sugar, one orange, juice, and half-grated rind, half lemon, juice, and grated peel; a little nutmeg, cream, butter and sugar, beat in the orange and lemon, add the beaten eggs, saving the whites of two. Line a pie plate with rich crust, pour in this mixture, and bake. Beat the whites with two tablespoons powdered sugar, spread over the pie when done, and brown lightly.

Orange Pudding.

One cup sugar, half cup rolled cracker, two eggs, half tablespoon butter; one orange, grate the rind and squeeze the juice, one quart milk. Bake like a custard. Serve cold.

Orange Snow.

Half package gelatine, three gills orange juice, generous cup sugar, three gills water, whites of six eggs. Soak gelatine in one gill cold water two hours, then pour over it two gills boiling water. Add sugar and place bowl in pan of boiling water, stirring till gelatine dissolves. Add orange juice, strain into a large bowl, and set away to cool. When beginning to stiffen add unbeaten whites, place the bowl in ice water, and beat until white and thick. Pour into molds to stiffen, and serve with custard sauce.

Custard Sauce.

One pint and one gill milk, one-third cup sugar, grated rind one orange, a little salt. Put one pint milk in double boiler, add grated rind and heat. Beat yolks and sugar together, add one gill cold milk. Pour over this the hot milk, stir well, return to double boiler, and boil five minutes.

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

For Round Shoulders.

If you are round shouldered try sleeping without a pillow for a while, or at least use a flat one.

For a Sick Headache.

The juice of half a lemon in a teacup of strong black coffee, without sugar, is an excellent cure.

To Prevent a Cold.

Warm baths should be taken just before retiring. If taken during the day, exercise for a few moments vigorously. Take the cold bath in the morning, as it is an invigorator for the entire day.

HOUSECLEANING REMEMBER.

To Renovate Water Colors.

If soiled generally, rub over with stale bread crumbs. If spotted with grease apply benzoline locally, place between blotting sheets, and cover with a warm flatiron. Repeat if necessary.

To Clean Greasy Floor Boards.

Apply a mixture of fuller's earth and pearlash, one-quarter pound of each to a quart of hot water, and leave on for twenty-four hours. Then scour with silver sand and water.

To Clean Baking Tins.

Fill with fine coal ashes and warm water and well shake. Rinse in cold water. If greasy fill with a strong solution of soap powder, leave for twenty-four hours, and then rinse well.

To Clean Silver Jewelry.

Wash in soap and water and rinse in clean water. Then apply a paste of powdered carbonate of ammonia moistened with spirits of wine. When dry brush off, rinse in tepid water, and dry with a soft leather.

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HIGHEST AWARD, ST. LOUIS, 1904.



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The Woman's Quiet Hour

by E.G.K.

Motto for the month.

Be true to every inmost thought;
Be as thy thought thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Dean Alford.

BOARD AND ROOMS.

Since writing last month on the tendency of young women in the country to crowd into the cities to work in stores and factories, I have had my statements challenged from several quarters as to the risks girls ran in coming into the city. I would much rather be criticized in a hostile manner than not at all, but this matter is too vitally important for the welfare of the community not to receive further consideration. Let me tell you something that happened. A company, having to employ a large number of women, and having many applications from outside points, sent to Winnipeg a lady to look after the girls when they came into the city and find suitable rooms and board for them. The company advertised for rooms, and, of course, received scores of replies.

the many things that are weekly needed to keep the house going. Some day when the weather is not so hot, I shall have something to say about unpaid drudgery of many women, but this month I do not want to scold anybody, but I would like to give to the woman who feels almost overborne a few sentences from an address I heard Professor James W. Robertson deliver in Brandon some years ago. I have quoted it before, but it will bear endless repetition because it is truth most beautifully expressed. "Woman is, and always has been, essentially the nourisher of the race. When, through her skill or efforts, the community is well fed, even to its poorer members, it is thus made strong to withstand all the strain of modern life upon it. Amid the clamor of the new fangled call for new chances for the New Woman one can still hear the unspoken cry of half-nourished bodies asking for better



The Milk Maid.

Like a wise woman, as she is, she made out her list and submitted it to the president and secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association. A very large number of names were at once struck off the list, as being places in which it was entirely unsafe for a girl to go, a subsequent enquiry added to the percentage of undesirable places. This will give girls in the country some idea of how careful they need to be, and how necessary it is to seek the guidance of those, who, from being on the spot, and from experience, know where to go and what to do. Even advertisements for domestic servants have more than once proved to be but traps for the unwary. Perhaps readers of this column will think too much space is devoted to this subject, but personally I cannot get away from the awful importance of guarding our girls from possible harm that may come to them through youth and inexperience.

THE WOMAN'S RIGHT.

Life on the farm is so hard for the women is a wail that is constantly chanted in my ears in these days. Their work is monotonous, it is drudgery, etc., etc., ad lib. Far be it from me to say that women on the farms do not work hard. I know they do, and often with the disadvantages of small houses with no conveniences, little children to look after, and not too much money to buy clothing and

equipment in the part of the women in the discharge of the duty laid upon them in our form of civilization. This is a much harder class of work to do than those occupations that are termed fashionable and genteel; but because it is hard to do it is best worth doing well. It is as much harder to do as it is harder and nobler to serve well than to shine well; and while the claims of social life, intellectual activity, financial management, domestic duties, and artistic tastes become increasingly great, it is undeniable that the hand of the nourisher of the people should become careless at that task. When boys and girls are grown in well-nourished bodies, the highest possibilities will be realized in passing the torch of life on from generation to generation with a clearer, more kindly, unselfish light and life, exalted a little every time by the hallowed nobility of self-sacrifice and intelligent service. "Whosoever will be strong among you let him be your servant, and whosoever will be chiefest shall be servant of all." That is how those silent, strong and constant forces can be made to act for good and not for ill." Does not this view put the furnishing of three square meals a day to the men folk and the children on a somewhat higher plane?

LOCAL FAIRS.

By the time this column reaches my readers the local fairs will be a thing of the past almost

Rheumatism

Any kind—acute or chronic—inflammatory, muscular or sciatica—it's all the same to Hirst's Pain Exterminator. This famous liniment draws out all the pain—reduces the swelling—takes away the soreness and stiffness—in a few applications.

Hirst's Pain Exterminator

is applied right over the pain—rubbed in good and hard—and the pain is gone. It kills pain of any kind, from a sprain or lame back, to the most agonizing Rheumatism or Neuralgia.

MR. J. DUPUIS OF PORT SEVERN SAYS:
"I was laid up with Rheumatism for three months and tried all kinds of medicine without obtaining relief. I was advised to try Hirst's, and before I had taken it two days, I was able to be up and help myself. I have improved right along and I thank this medicine for my cure."

25c. a bottle. At all dealers.

Nordheimer Piano

is an ideal, artistic piano creation—superior in tone quality and beautiful in design. These pianos are made of the best materials, highest grade of workmanship being employed and will last a lifetime.

The Nordheimer Piano Co.

247 Main Street, WINNIPEG

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Folder

\$45.00

PORTLAND EXPOSITION
Via
YELLOWSTONE PARK
Choice of Routes Returning.
STOP OVERS—Limit Three Months.

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Via Duluth and Great Lakes.

Pullman Sleeping Car Accommodation reserved in advance.

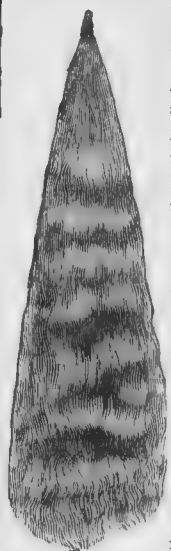
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Ticket Agent.

The annoying, pestilence-carrying house fly can be entirely cleared out of your house by using Wilson's Fly Pads, which are three hundred times more destructive than sticky paper.

WRITE FOR THE BOOKLET



We have a staff of as thoroughly experienced and competent Hair Artists as is employed on the continent. Our American patronage which comes from all parts of the western U. S. more than justifies this claim, besides our enormous Canadian connection in all corners of this country.

We have two very interesting booklets on hair matters which we are sending to interested parties. They're free for the asking and contain everything you want to know. Just address

MANITOBA HAIR GOODS CO.,
301 Portage Ave. WINNIPEG
MAIL ORDER DEPT.

Natural Wavy Switch, 20 inches long, \$4.00

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One Price to all—the lowest.

Only reliable goods sold and all are fully **guaranteed**

Easy Payments accepted from any responsible party; regular discounts allowed for cash.

Shipped on Approval. Instruments sent to any part of Canada, and freight paid both ways if not satisfactory.

We take no Money until you have thoroughly tested your Piano or Organ for Ten Days' Free Trial.

Descriptive Catalogue and personal letter explaining all will be sent gratis on application.

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Harmony, Counterpoint, Canon,
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Acoustics, Musical
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Terms \$10 for Ten Weekly Lessons.

For further particulars write to

W. E. Martin, Mus. Bac. T.U.T.

Graduate of The Ontario School of Pedagogy,
IRVINE P.O., ASSA.

all over the country. With the fair just closed it is time to consider the fair for next year, because now the faults and failings of the past one are fresh in all minds. I had the pleasure of judging the women's work at one of the larger local fairs and have attended several others and I would like to offer a suggestion. The prize lists for the women's sections of all our fairs (Winnipeg Industrial included) want a sharp revision. There is too large a list of varieties of work and too small prizes for any and every variety. The prizes are offered in a much too indefinite a manner; there is absolutely no guide for the judge. Here are two taken at random: "Prize for best suit of lady's underwear." Absolutely no stipulation as to what materials it should be made of, whether hand or machine made and whether the decoration should be hand work or machine made. It was my misfortune to encounter no less than six suits all made of different materials (one was a gaudy suit of knitted combinations)—some were handsome, some partly hand and partly machine, some all machine work, and in passing let me say there was only one of the six that had decently worked button-holes. One suit of white flannelette was profusely embroidered in cream silk, the embroidery being beautifully executed, but the making of the gar-

sent to all the fair boards so that it would serve as a guide to modify or adapt for their particular district.

A good wash day dinner RECIPES. in the summer time, where there are hungry men and not too much help, is a modification of the old-time boiled dinner. Take stewing veal or breast of lamb in proportion to the size of your household, cut it up into medium-sized pieces and put it on in a plentiful supply of cold water. Let it come to a boil and set back where it will simmer gently all the morning. Half an hour before you want to serve, add to the gravy as many new potatoes as will allow for a good serving for each person, and 20 minutes before dinner time small carrots and large green onions in the proportion of half as many carrots and onions as you have potatoes. If the gravy has boiled away add a little more water, but there should be an abundance of gravy. Just before serving take up the potatoes, carrots and onions and arrange them round the sides of a large platter that should be very hot, thicken the gravy with flour rubbed smooth in a good piece of butter and season with pepper and salt. As soon as the gravy boils up, lift the pieces of meat, pile them in the centre of your platter and pour the hot gravy



Noon Day Rest.

ments was hand sewing that any child of seven should be ashamed to put in a dish towel. Another suit was of fine lawn, decorated with good lace, but it was entirely machine work; a third suit was of fine cotton entirely handmade, the needlework exquisite and the button holes beautifully worked. I gave this first prize and was severely criticized for so doing, but it was really the only suit offered that to me was suitable for "a lady to wear." Now, if a prize had been offered for the best suit of lady's underwear to be handmade and hand decorated, material lawn or fine cotton, the judge would have known exactly where she was at. And the prize for such work ought to be at least \$5.00 instead of \$1.00, as it was in the case in point. Another item was "best table centre." There were 35 entries and they covered everything—hand-painting, Hardanger work, Mount Mellick, open work, eyelet embroidery, and heaven knows what besides. How is it possible to judge in such matters? It is high time that better prizes and more of them were offered for fine hand sewing, that this most womanly of all the arts die not among the rising generation. There should be good prizes also for the making of dresses by amateurs. A good plan would be to ask Deputy Minister Black to have a committee of capable women make up a suitable prize list for the province and copies of it be

over all. It is a dish that looks well because of the contrast of the yellow carrots and white and green onions and the potatoes; and if you have cooked it right, it will taste fit for a king. Only one pot is required on the fire and the cooking requires very little attention.

Live it Down.

Has your life been bitter sorrow?

Live it down.

Think about a bright to-morrow.

Live it down.

You will find it never pays

Just to sit wet-eyed and gaze

On the grave of vanished days;

Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?

Live it down.

You can win a brave heart's guerdon;

Live it down.

Make your life so free from blame

That the lustre of your fame

Shall hide all the olden shame;

Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?

Live it down.

Useless griefs will make it double,

Live it down.

Do not water it with tears—

Do not feed it with your fears—

Do not nurse it through the years—

Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?

Live it down.

Do not hide your face in terror;

Live it down.

Look the world square in the eyes;

Go ahead as one who tries

To be honored ere he dies;

Live it down.

Can Eat Anything Now.

How many Dyspeptics can say that?
Or perhaps you are dyspeptic and don't know it.

Have you any of these symptoms?

Variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a loathing of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, constipation, or are you gloomy and miserable? Then you are a dyspeptic. The cure is careful diet; avoid stimulants and narcotics, do not drink at meals, keep regular habits, and regulate the stomach and bowels with **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS**, Nature's specific for Dyspepsia.

Miss Laura Chicoine, Belle Anse, Que., says of its wonderful curative powers:—"Last winter I was very thin, and was fast losing flesh owing to the run-down state of my system. I suffered from Dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get, but to no purpose; then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first day I felt the good effect of the medicine, and am now feeling strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after-effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

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As supplied to the elite of Canada—Highest awards—London, Paris and New York styles



Parisian Knot

Biggest Stock of Switches

Natural Wavy from \$3, and Straight from \$2, according to size and shade.

Gent's Toupees and Wigs

Superior quality—Satisfaction guaranteed—From \$10, according to size and quality. Use Armand's Famous Gray Hair Restorer—5 different shades—One box \$3, two boxes \$5—Catalogues, 1905, free—write, Mail Orders prompt anywhere.

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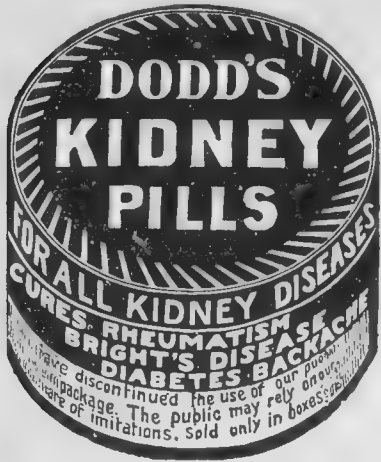
Open Your Eyes

Life is full of opportunities for the man who KNOWS. The keenest competition is at the bottom. You can find yourself in a better position IN YOUR SPARE TIME and at small

expense, by taking a study course AT HOME. Cut this out and mail it to us with your name and address, marking which line of work you prefer.

() Commercial () University 8
() Agricultural () Mechanical

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The Canadian North-West Homestead Regulations.

Any even numbered section of the Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated; or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act, and the amendments thereto, to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. It is the practice of the Department to require a settler to bring 15 acres under cultivation, but if he prefers he may substitute stock; and 20 head of cattle, to be actually his own property, with buildings for their accommodation, will be accepted instead of the cultivation.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased), of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such a person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township, or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses 2, 3 or 4 must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 30 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres subalternately fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT.

Should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent, or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent, the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION.

Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at the Immigration Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry; and from the officers in charge free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from railroad and other corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

Boys and Girls

Bamboozling Grandma.

"There never was a grandma half so good!" He whispered while beside her chair he stood,
And laid his rosy cheek,
With manner very meek,
Against her dear old face in loving mood.
"There never was a dearer grandma born;
I know some little boys must be forlorn,
Because they've none like you.
I wonder what they do
Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?"
"There never was a dearer grandma—there!" He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair;
Then fixed her ruffled cap,
And nestled in her lap,
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.
"When I am a man what things to you I'll bring;
A horse and carriage, watch and ring.
All grandmas are so nice
(Just here he kissed her twice).
And grandmas give a good boy everything."
Before his dear old grandma could reply,
This boy looked up, and with a roguish eye
Then whispered in her ear,
That nobody might hear:
"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

Crows as Pets.

Did you ever own a crow?
If not, you have missed more than a cart-load of innocent fun. I have owned all sorts of pets in my life, from pet beetles to coons, dogs and deer, but none gave the all-round satisfaction of the crow.

It is hardy, full of the jolliest of tricks, is as affectionate and loyal as a dog, as comical as a clown, and almost as intelligent as a boy. A pet crow knows its friends and enemies and will allow no liberties from a stranger. Of course, a crow's honesty is no better than that of a pack rat, but my crow never stole from me, and somehow or other one finds it easy to forgive a thief who steals from others.

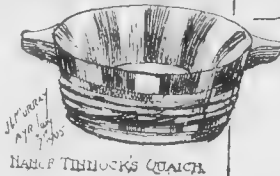
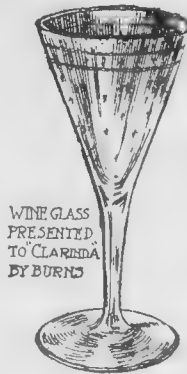
When we dug up our flower-bed in the early spring there were no less than seven silver thimbles unearthed, and not one of them came from our house. One day "Billy" brought me a nice two-dollar greenback. In those days a two-dollar bill was a very, very large amount to me, and stood for an unheard of amount of butter scotch and gingerbread.

Of course the money did not belong to me, but neither did it belong to the crow, and "Billy" would not tell where he got his wealth, so after a consultation with my parents and my teacher, and after waiting to see if anyone claimed the bill, it was at length decided to be my property, and it was the first two dollars I ever had all in a heap.

But it was not always money the crow found; once he filled all the crevices in my mother's bed with liver; this could not be seen and attracted no attention until the summer heat began to act upon it, then everybody in the house knew that something had happened. The old folks said a rat must have died in the partition, but the crow and I were chums and understood each other. I suspected the real cause of the disagreeable odor and as soon as the coast was clear, discovered and removed the liver and never until this day did I give the crow away.—Dan Beard in Recreation.

The Rhyming Nines.

Oh, dear me, mamma, my remember is so poor when I come to 9 x 8. I say it over fifty times pretty near, then the next time I have to say it. I can't tell how much it is. I think the nines are 'most as bad as the toothache," said Mildred, coming to the kitchen table where her mother was peeling apples for sauce.
"As sure as apples are good to stew, 9 x 8 is 72," said mamma, playfully.
"Oh-o-o, that makes it easy. I'll never forget 9 x 8 again," cried Mildred.
"Please, mamma, rhyme all the nines for me."
"Very well, dear, if it will help you to remember. I will have them ready



Robert Burns was born at Alloway in the Parish of Ayr—Jan'y 25th 1759—
Jean Armour his wife was born at Mauchline Feb'y 27th 1761—
Apr'y 3, 1786 were born to them twins, Robert & Elizabeth, at a quarter past noon of Jeany, since dead at fourteen months old— March 3, 1787 were born to them twins again, two daughters who died within a few days after their birth— August 18, 1789 was born to them Francis, Wallace, so named after M^{rs} Dunlop of Dunlop: he was born a graduate before seven, forenoon— April 9th 1791, between three & four in the morning, was born to them William, Nicol, so named after Will^m Nicol of the High School, Edin^g— November 21st 1802, at a quarter past noon, was born to them Elizabeth Riddel, so named after M^{rs} Riddel of Glenriddel— James Glencairn born 12th Augst 1794 named after the late Earl of Glencairn

Maxwell Born 26. July 1796 the day of his Father's Funeral—so named after Dr Maxwell the Physician who attended the Post in his last days
Invented by W. N. Burns 9th April 1867
REDUCED FACSIMILE OF FAMILY REGISTER, IN THE RECENTLY ACQUIRED BURNS BIBLE.



BURNS BIBLE RECENTLY ACQUIRED

And ye shall not speak by my Name falsely—
I am the Lord—
Abid'g Chap 12th of
M.
BURNS' WRITING AND CLARIS IN HIGHLAND MARY'S BIBLE

Burns' Bible and Other Relics.

Sketches by a Glasgow Herald Artist.

for you when you come home from school."

Mildred went skipping to school, swinging her arithmetic by the straps, singing the rhyme and feeling she had conquered a very troublesome enemy. When she returned home, her mother read her the following, which she readily committed to memory:

It takes no time or thinking fine,
When 9 times one are only nine.
Neither are we long in stating,
9 x 2 are only eighteen.
Nice light bread is made with leaven,
9 x 3 are 27.
Are you fond of candy sticks?
9 x 4 are 36
Bees make honey in the hive,
9 x 5 is 45.
Please come in and close the door,
9 x 6 are 54.
Wash your hands and come to tea,
9 x 7 are 63.
As sure as apples are good to stew,
9 x 8 are 72.
The nines this way are real good fun,
9 x 9 are 81,
9 x 10 are 90,
9 x 11 are 99.

The nines are done, let's go and skate.

9 x 12 are 108.

—000—

He Got It.

A manufacturer hired a boy. For months the only noticeable thing about the boy was that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. One day the manufacturer looked down from his work to see the boy standing beneath his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.
"Want me wages raised," said the boy.

"What are you getting?"
"Tree dollars a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"
"I t'ink I'm worth \$4. and I've been t'inking so for t'ree weeks, but I've been so blamed busy I haven't had time to speak to you about it."

The boy got his "raise." He deserved it, just as every man deserves it who is too busy about his employer's work to worry about his next week's envelope.

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of The Monthly. Answers will appear in the September issue.

Conundrums.

1. A germ in Germany, a parasite in Paris; what is it in Ireland?
2. Why is a bridegroom often more expensive than a bride?
3. When may a chair be said to dislike you?
4. Why is a clock a symbol of modesty?
5. Why is a knockout blow like a colonist?
6. When is a seat at a public entertainment like a bashful man?

Syllable Puzzle.

7. I am a word of nine letters—
My first is in shining, but not in glow;
My second is in idle, but not in slow;
My third is in mantle, but not in dress;
My fourth is in turnip, but not in cress;
My fifth is in Ellen, but not in May;
My sixth is in heather, but not in hay;
My seventh is in virtue, but not in sin;
My eighth is in boxes, but not in bin;
My ninth is in dying, but not in dies;
My whole is a person who is not wise.

I am often getting lost, and still I'm never found;
I am not of any shape—I am neither square nor round;
You never saw me bought, you never saw me sold;
I always seem more valuable when one is growing old.

Answers to Puzzles.

1.

R
T O P
R O S E S
P E T
S
2. When it is chased.
3. Star and rats.
4. The outside.
5. Grand.
Rover.
Avere.
Nerea.
Dread.
6. An equal.

Prize Winners.

John W. Toews, Sunnyslope, Alta.
Harry Elliott, Carstairs, Alta.
Alice Norton, Baldur, Man.
Jeanie Gardner, Leavings, Alta.
Olive Clark, Clarence, Ont.
V. M. Tylter, Rockland, Ont.
Irene Jones, Morden, Man.
Lois Hayes, Westfield, Wis.

Telling Fortunes.

Make a large heart about six feet tall of barrel hoops and wire, cover with turkey red cotton and place it against a white box; cut two slits in it, label one "lassies" and the other "lads."

Attach a wooden dart to the heart by a cord about a yard long and invite your guests to seek their fortunes by thrusting the dart into the slits. Some one behind will attach an envelope containing the fortune.

The fortunes should be written beforehand by some one who knows the ambitions of the guests. If this is done cleverly, the party will be a very merry one.

First Doctor—Then we decide not to operate.

Second Doctor—Yes. What do you think we ought to charge him for deciding not to operate?—Brooklyn Life.

The Average Man Doesn't Know The First Thing

about flour, but the woman who does the family baking—she is the one who appreciates Royal Household Flour—made by the new electrical process—because when she tries it with the simple "Royal Household" recipes she finds it makes better, sweeter, whiter, lighter Bread, Buns, Rolls, etc., and more crisp and delicious Pastry than she ever made before, and she is not afraid to say so.

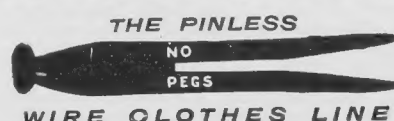
South Range, Digby Co., N. S., November 22nd.

"I want to tell you that Royal Household Flour is the best I ever used in all my life, and the only kind I will have as long as I can get it."

(Signed.) MRS. ALEX. PORTER.

To any woman sending in name and address to The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, Montreal, and mentioning this paper, these recipes will be sent FREE.

AGENTS WANTED



This line delights in high winds and bad weather. No pegs required. Clothes put on and taken off in no time. Agents have made \$50 per week selling it. Free illustrated circulars of this and other fast selling articles. Sample line by mail, 25c.

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OUR FREE BOOKLET ON **Music Learning** At home for Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet & Mandolin. Tells how you can learn to play any instrument at small expense and without leaving your home. It is free and will interest you. Send your name to U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 637, 19 Union Sq., N. Y.

Diabetes and Brights Disease

If you have any indications of either of these dreadful diseases you really should write to Dr. Joseph E. Bergeron, 1550 St. Catherine street, Montreal, asking for references from the people he has cured. He is a genuine specialist in these diseases. This notice will not appear again as Dr. Bergeron is not an advertiser.

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Absolutely so. Your money back if investment proves unsatisfactory. Fifty dollars and upwards, positively guaranteed. Good returns on your investments. Ask for booklet "Safe Investments." It's free. Write today **International Investment Bureau** Rock Island, Ill.

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cured or money back
Quick Relief and Cure.
Trial treatment free to any sufferer.
National Med. Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

LEARN TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS



We can teach you by mail. Nothing is more fascinating or profitable than Taxidermy. Easily and quickly learned by men, women or boys.

SAVE YOUR FINE TROPHIES

Decorate your home, den or office with fine birds and animals. Enjoy your leisure hours. Splendid profits by selling specimens or mounting for others. We furnish highest references and guarantee success. Thousands of students in Canada for one to-day.

THE NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERM
1466 Farnam St. - OMAHA, NEB.

Abbey's effervescent Salt.

You know its story of
health and happiness to
sufferers from stomach
troubles—that's all.

A teaspoonful in a glass
of water in the morning.

25¢ and 60¢ a bottle.



One rub brings
the Shine.



That's what you want—a quick shine.
No time to wait in shine parlors—no energy to waste on
perspiration-bringing polishes.

Black "O" is paste and liquid combined.

Dab a very little Black "O" on your shoe, brush it off
with a cloth, and you have a brilliant, black shine in two
minutes time and no labor.

Black "O" will not injure the leather—are you sure the
polish you use now doesn't?

Black "O"

Bell

PIANOS WITH THE BELL PATENT IL-
LIMITABLE REPEATING ACTION ARE THE BEST

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The Winnipeg Piano & Organ Co.

Manitoba Hall, 295 Portage Avenue, - Winnipeg, Man.
Opposite Eaton's

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

Two Men of To-day.

Jim Jones had a habit of laughing—
Whenever he spoke he would smile—
He never would recognize trouble;
He claimed that it wasn't worth while;
He paid no attention to trifles,
'Twas happy-go-lucky with Jim;
He always seemed short as to money,
But life seemed worth living to him.

John Smith had a habit of scowling—
He grumbled whenever he spoke—
He did everything with precision
And nothing to him was a joke;
He gave all his time to his business;
He worried and fussed every day;
He's rich, but his friends often wondered
If Smith ever made living pay.

Homelife Moulds Character.

A crowded home where love reigns is infinitely happier than one where no child's voice is ever heard, where order rules supreme because there are no small hands to upset it. It may be "sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child," but when children are thankless it is usually the fault of the parents. "Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." But, as Mark Twain pithily says, "To train up a child in the way in which he should go you must travel by that train yourself!" Example is by many times more powerful than precept, and children are quick to accept and copy object teaching. Where one child, faithfully brought up in the straight

would be accounted a fool by his neighbors. It is impossible always to protect our sons. Even though we may long fence in our daughters from temptation, sooner or later we must send our darlings out among the world's ravaging wolves. And for such encounter there is no better armor than that of good, sound principles instilled in the nursery.

Home training, however, should by no means consist wholly of correction and reproof; sunshine and dew are as necessary to the growing crop as are hoeing and weeding. The father who is to his children merely the incarnation of justice, without love, should not wonder if in after years they render him obedience without sacrifice. The mother who does not cuddle and comfort the baby weeping over its broken toy cannot expect that her grown up sons and daughters will not seek consolation elsewhere in their sorrows. In the home love only is the fulfilling of the law.

The Home Doctor.

Neuralgia and toothache are sometimes speedily relieved by applying to the wrist a quantity of grated horseradish.

A poultice of finely scraped garden beets is well recommended for cuts with glass or wounds from rusty iron. It should be frequently renewed in order to keep the wound moist for several hours.

The simplest and most scientific remedy for ivy poisoning is to remove the exciting cause as soon as the inflammation is felt or seen. The poison can be dissolved and removed by washing the irritated spots first with alcohol (whisky or brandy will do)



Cutting Timothy.

paths, goes astray, are there not many who are a credit and a comfort to their parents? Boys who early take their places at their father's side to help him care for those who are unable to work? Girls who do much to lighten the burdens of their mothers? Children entail expense and occasion trouble, but what upon earth is there worth having for which one must not pay the price? Children are, in the main, much what their parents and teachers make them. True, there are inherited traits of blood or disposition which no amount of training or precept may ever suffice wholly to eradicate. No man may train a Norman cart horse into the steed which shall win the Derby, still much may be done to improve his gait, so that his stately stepping shall hold no hint of clumsiness, while careful grooming and judicious treatment will make him a thing of beauty which heads shall turn to admire as he draws his heavy load through the crowded streets. Neither may the most skilful potter fashion Sevres china from common clay; still it is within the potter's province to make one vessel to honor and another to dishonor, and the shape thereof is altogether in his power.

The training of a child cannot begin too early. A woman once asked Bishop Butler at what age she should begin the education of her son, then four years old. "Madam," said the bishop, "if you have not already begun you have wasted four years." The first six years are those for which the Jesuits asked. Early impressions are far more lasting, and object lessons have effect on babes in arms. "Precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little"; the work, to be well done, must be constant and unrelenting; the light of a good example must shine upon the pathway, so that no mistake may be made. "Weeds grow while one sleeps," says the proverb. "Whatsoever ye sow that also shall ye reap." Now and then outside influences, over which one has no control, may frustrate the most earnest endeavor. Flood may devastate or a cyclone sweep away the fruit of long and patient labor; nevertheless, in most cases, "God giveth the harvest," and the farmer who feared to plant for dread of storm or drought

and then with water. This was discovered by two German experimenters, and the United States Government published the remedy in one of the Government reports. It is the best, quickest and surest cure.

Experiments with a dietary of fruits and nuts at the University of California have shown that both furnish the body with energy, and the nuts yield some building material also. The cost of a diet exclusively of fruits and nuts varied from 18 to 46 cents a day for each person, which will compare favorably with the cost of an ordinary mixed diet. One student gradually changed from a mixed diet to fruit and nuts without apparent loss of strength or health. He was able for eight days of the experiment to carry on his usual college work, and for a part of the time he also performed heavy physical labor. The articles are quite thoroughly digested "and have a much higher nutritive value than is popularly attributed to them." The wholesomeness of a long continued diet of fruits was not taken up.

Hottest Place on Earth.

Between India and Africa lies the hottest place on earth. The Aval Islands cover a fairly extensive area of the Persian Gulf, lying off the southwest coast of Persia, and it is the largest of them which enjoys the doubtful distinction of leading all perspiring competitors in the matter of heat. The mean temperature of Bahrein for the entire year is 99 degrees. July, August and September are unendurable, save for the natives. Night after night, as midnight comes the thermometer shows 100. By 7 in the morning it is 107 or 108 degrees, and by 3 in the afternoon 140. It is stated by voracious travelers that 75,000 Arabs inhabit the Aval group, fully 25,000 living on Bahrein. The following are the temperatures at some of the hottest places in different countries: Hyderabad, 105 degrees; Lahore, 107 degrees; El Paso, 113 degrees; Mosul, 117 degrees; Agra, 117 degrees; Death Valley, 122 degrees; Algeria, 127 degrees; Fort Yuma, 128 degrees; Jacobabad, 122 degrees; Bahrein, 140 degrees.

Immortality.

Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf,
By some strange accident in contact came;
Their conversation, passing all belief,
Was that same argument, the very same,
That has been "proed and conned" from
man to man,
Yea, ever since this wondrous world began.

The ugly creatures,
Deaf and dumb and blind,
Devoid of features
That adorn mankind,
Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life.
The first was optimistic, full of hope,
The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope.
Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation,"
Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation;"
Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates
And bar our entrance through the golden gates.

Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How could we climb the golden stairs?
If maidens shun us as they pass by,
Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?
I wonder what great crimes we have committed,
That leave us so forlorn and so unpitied.
Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving;
'Tis plain to me that life's not worth the living."

"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial worm replied,
"Let's take a look upon the other side:
Suppose we cannot fly like moths or millers,
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?
Will that same God that doomed us crawl
the earth,

A prey to every bird that's given birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats and sings,
And damn poor us because we have not wings?

If we can't skim the air like owl or bat,
A worm will turn 'for a' that."
They argued through the summer; autumn
nigh,
The ugly things composed themselves to die;
And so, to make their funeral quite complete,

a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever had.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy, in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio river, until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterward worked on a canal.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and a large family. The boys had to earn their living.

The Horrors of War.

The old gentleman in the smoking-car was declaring vehemently that, in his opinion, war was a disgrace to civilization.

"War," he exclaimed, "is an abomination, a blot on the universe!" Upon which he rose and left the car.

"The old man seems to feel pretty strongly on the subject," said one of the passengers. "Has he lost some near relative through war?"

"Yes," answered a friend, "his wife's first husband."

An Automobile Battery.

Portugal has a unique battery of howitzers, which are drawn by a large automobile, the entire equipment being arranged on a permanent basis, and not being a mere temporary expedient

There Is Quick Relief From
TORPID LIVER

in Fruit-a-tives. And they are a positive cure for constipation and all blood impurities. Those who have used these marvelous little fruit liver tablets are the ones who praise them warmest. Here is one of hundreds of testimonials from those who owe their good health to Fruit-a-tives:—

"We tried Fruit-a-tives and like them exceedingly. We happened to need such a mild and harmless liver tonic and I shall keep Fruit-a-tives by me always, now that I have used them and find they do me so much good." Miss M. L. RICHARDS, Calgary, N.W.T.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

50c. a box. At druggists.

Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE HEAT OF SUMMER
IS THE TEST

Women:—The heat of summer is severe, are you prepared?

If your digestive organs are not in tone, your work will be doubly laborious. Tiredness, heavy feeling after eating, sour stomach, etc., are signs that if you do sleep you are not resting properly; nervousness, insomnia, and probably collapse will come with the high mark of the Thermometer, but you can avoid it with

KOLA TONIC WINE

☞ Sweet rest, a cool peaceful stomach, renewed ambition, entire reconstruction set in with the first bottle of Kola Tonic Wine. It contains the combined health-building properties of Kola, Celery and Pepsin.

☞ Kola builds muscle, Celery quiets the nerves, and Pepsin is Nature's most powerful aid to digestion.

☞ It would require a book to tell you of the cures worked by Kola Tonic Wine, the following from a Chemist should act as a message to many,

Toronto, Feb. 24th, 1904.

Gentlemen,—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to certify to the merits of your Kola, Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine. I have tested it and can recommend it very highly to anyone needing a first-class Tonic and Dyspepsia cure, and the Kola, Celery and Pepsin used in the preparation of it are pure and of the very best quality, altogether, I believe you have a preparation which only needs to be known to be appreciated.

F. W. McLEAN, Chemist,
Cor. Queen and Church Streets, Toronto.

☞ All well meaning druggists have Kola Tonic Wine, but if yours does not keep it—accept no substitute—write direct, (Quart Bottle \$1.00) to the

Hygiene Kola Co.

WINNIPEG



Raking Hay.

Each wrapped him in his little winding-sheet,
The tangled web encompassed them full soon,
Each for his coffin made him a cocoon.
All through the winter's chilling blast they lay
Dead to the world, aye, dead as human clay,
Lo, Spring comes forth with all her warmth and love;
She brings sweet justice from the realms above;
She breaks the chrysalis, she resurrects the dead;
Two butterflies ascend, encircling her head.
And so this emblem shall forever be
A sign of immortality.

Story of Ten Poor Boys.

John Adams, second president, was the son of a grocer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which the state is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterward clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was a son of a New York farmer, and his home was a humble one. He learned the business of clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town in the Allegheny Mountains. His father cut the logs and built the house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to

like the use of traction engines during the Boer war. The battery consists of four howitzers, each of 150 millimeters (about six inches) calibre, which trail behind a large automobile that carries the ammunition and supplies as well as the greater number of the cannon-eers. The guns are 14 calibres in length, and employ a 40-kilogram (about 88 pounds) projectile, the range at an elevation of 45 degrees being about five miles. The whole train can move at a speed of three and one-half miles an hour on grades not exceeding eight per cent., while for heavier grades or difficult places the engine is supplied with a windlass, permitting a block and tackle to be used, and the guns move singly. The motor is arranged to use either petroleum or alcohol.

Knowledge a Great Power.

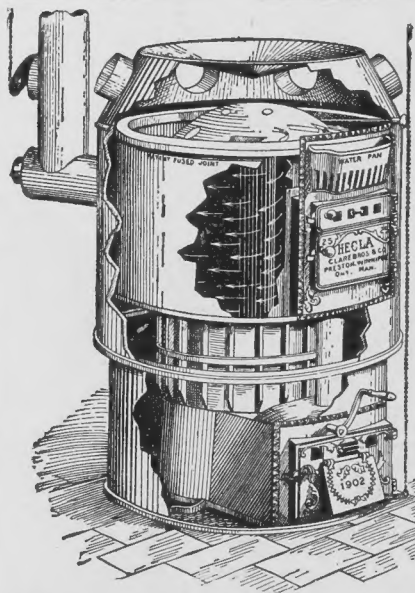
Look about and see who succeed.

It is the knowing ones.

The great Channing said: "Every mind was made for growth—for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance. Progress consists in nothing more than in bringing out the individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening him to strengthen and elevate his own mind."

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The Winnipeg Piano and Organ Co. report a splendid business in "Bell" Pianos. Their show rooms on Portage Avenue are very centrally located, being opposite Eaton's.

The Clare Stoves, Ranges
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For Coal or Wood

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These furnaces have stood the test of years and are more popular than ever. They are complete in every particular.

For Ease in Regulation, Durability and Fuel Saving Qualities, there are none better.

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WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Splinters.

Bacon—Is he saving, did you say?
Egbert—My, yes! Why, he even talks through his nose to save his tongue.—Yonkers Statesman.

Chips.

Lady (in party viewing stone quarry)—And which is the foreman?
Casey (proudly)—Oi am.
Lady—Really?
Casey—Oi kin prove ut. (Calls out to laborer): Kelly, Kelly! yer foired!

Like a Horse.

"Yes, Weekling has lots of horse sense. That's about all he has got," remarks the friend who is discussing about everybody in town.

"Then that's to his credit," we say.
"I don't know. It makes him easily led."

Great Day.

"My son," said the patriotic father, "can you tell me why the Fourth of

A Story of Absent-Mindedness.

Prof. H. C. Lord, of Columbia, was talking about American humor.

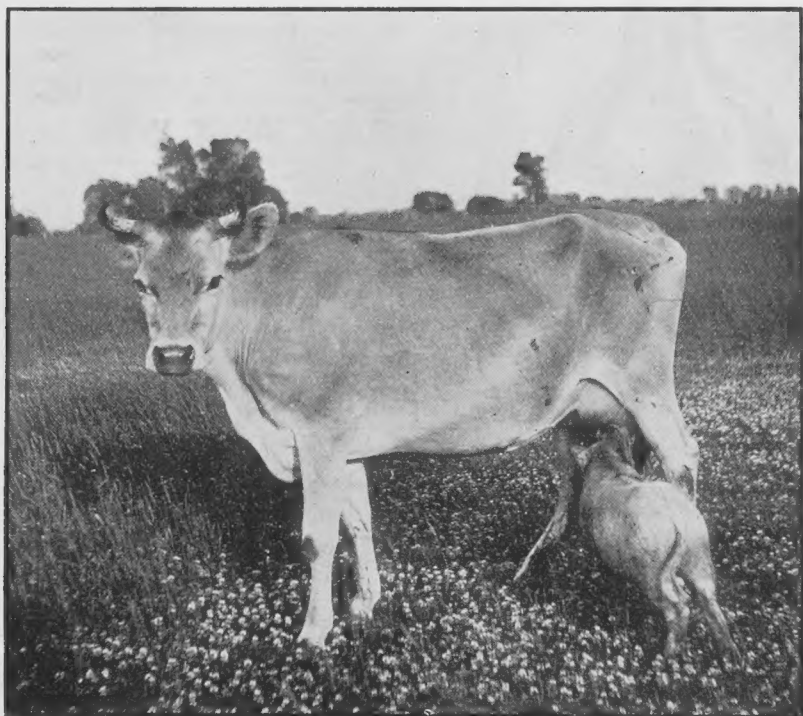
"Our typical humor," he said, "is not, perhaps, subtle. It is too young to be subtle. But it is very much alive and very rich and fertile."

"There is a short story about absent-minded people that is, I think, a good example of American humor. It runs in short passages like this:

"A woman put her baby's dirty clothes in the cradle and the baby in the washtub. She didn't discover her mistake till the child cried when she pinned its left leg to the line as she hung it out to dry."—Hartford Times.

Evidence.

A green subaltern, who was smoking while on duty, was reminded by a sentry who had seen many years' service that it was against the regulations to smoke near his post, and he advised the subaltern to throw his cigar away. He did so, and went on his rounds. The soldier then picked



Pig Milking Cow.

July is the greatest day in the year?"
"Sure," responded the lad.

"And why is it the greatest day in the year?" inquired the patriotic father.
"Because they always have two ball games—one in the morning and one in the afternoon."

The Terrible Wretch.

"Why, Mabel, dear, what's the matter?" cried the tearful bride's mother. "Tell me all about it. Don't keep back a thing, darling. What has the brute been doing?"

"When I wanted him to lock the windows last night he said there was nothing but me for burglars to—c-carry away, and he wasn't at all afraid. Boo-hoo-hoo!" Chicago Record-Herald.

Regrettable.

A certain editor was visited in his office by a ferocious-looking military gentleman, who exclaimed excitedly, as he entered: "That notice of my death in your paper to-day is a lie, sir. I'll horsewhip you in public, sir, if you don't apologize in your next issue."

The next day the editor inserted the following apology:

"We extremely regret to announce that the paragraph in our issue of yesterday which stated that Colonel Brimstone was dead is without foundation."

up the cigar, and was enjoying it quietly when the subaltern returned.

"Why, how is this?" he asked. "I thought no smoking was allowed near your post?"

"That's true," replied the sentry. "I'm merely keeping this alight for evidence against you in the morning."

False Deductions.

A certain office-boy was wont to appear at his employer's office with a dirty face. One morning he appeared with the remains of a breakfast round his mouth. The junior clerk, with an eye to business, said, "I bet you sixpence I can tell you what you had for breakfast this morning."

"Done!" said the office-boy.

"It was eggs," triumphantly replied the clerk.

"Wrong," said the boy; "wot you see on my mouth is yesterday's."—Tit-Bits.

IT LAYS A STILLING HAND ON PAIN.—For pains in the joints and limbs and for rheumatic pains, neuralgia and lumbago, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is without a peer. Well rubbed in, the skin absorbs it and it quickly and permanently relieves the affected part. Its value lies in its magic property of removing pain from the body, and for that good quality it is prized.

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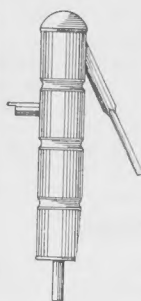
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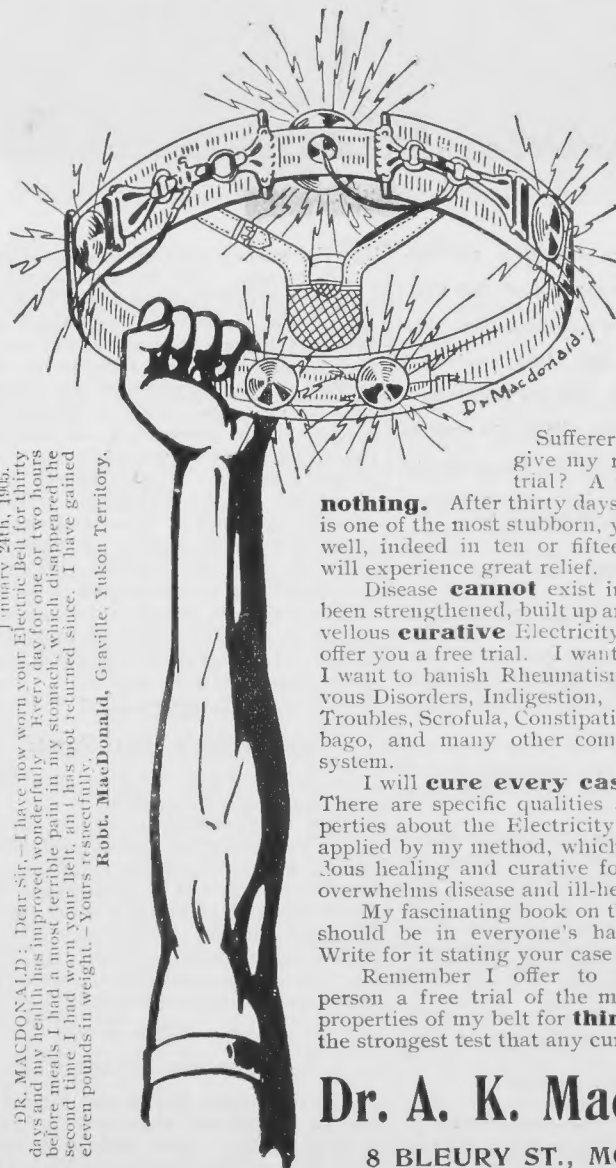
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the second

time he had

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Belt

Sufferer, why don't you give my marvellous cure a trial? A trial will cost you nothing. After thirty days, unless your case is one of the most stubborn, you will be almost well, indeed in ten or fifteen days' time you will experience great relief.

Disease cannot exist in a body that has been strengthened, built up and fed by this marvellous curative Electricity. That is why I offer you a free trial. I want to make you well. I want to banish Rheumatism, Weakness, Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Scrofula, Constipation, Eczema, Lumbago, and many other complaints from your system.

I will cure every case I take in hand. There are specific qualities and peculiar properties about the Electricity as generated and applied by my method, which acts as a tremendous healing and curative force which simply overwhelms disease and ill-health.

My fascinating book on the cure of disease should be in everyone's hands. It is free. Write for it stating your case fully.

Remember I offer to every responsible person a free trial of the marvellous curative properties of my belt for thirty days. This is the strongest test that any cure could have.

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